

# The Daily

# ILLUSTRATED

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## DEFEAT OF THE DUKE.

Liberal Unionist Association  
Listens to Mr. Chamberlain.

The Duke of Devonshire's recent differences with the Liberal Unionist Association led to a gathering of that body's council yesterday, convened by Mr. Chamberlain, to discuss the question whether they should be wound up as a political organisation or should continue in existence without the Duke of Devonshire—their former head.

The meeting was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and its representative character may be gauged from the fact that no fewer than eighty-six members of the council attended out of a total of 123.

Among the faithful eighty-six were the Liberal Unionist members of the Government—Mr. Austen Chamberlain (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Lord Lansdowne (Foreign Secretary), Mr. Arnold Forster (Secretary for War), and the Earl of Selborne (Admiralty).

The Duke of Devonshire's adherents had resolved to ignore the meeting, which they contended could only be properly convened by Lord Avebury, the chairman of the council.

No wonder that one of Mr. Chamberlain's earliest remarks was that the constitution of the council was, in his view, much too aristocratic.

The meeting, he began, would be asked to decide as to the difference between the Duke and himself, as shown by the recent correspondence.

The issue was extremely simple, and was explained by the Duke's letter of October 23, in which he said there was no advantage in continuing the existence of the association.

### Only Two Who Disagreed.

He (Mr. Chamberlain) was entirely unable to share that view. The danger from which the Council was formed to guard against still existed. He said no reason why they should not remain an association of Liberals, who might disagree on some subjects, but who were determined to resist the disruption of the Empire. (Cheers.) If the association wished to commit suicide they should make beyond the province of anyone else to make a decision on the point.

He hoped the Duke would still reconsider his decision as to resignation. (Hear, hear.)

It was understood that certain members contemplated testing the legality of the meeting. That would not be fair, but such action would be futile. Every loyal Liberal Unionist member was bound to support the policy of the Government, or he could no longer be considered a Unionist. Any member had the right to express his opinion on any question not within the four corners of the policy of the Party. The only question to be asked a candidate was whether he was prepared to follow Mr. Balfour. He did not see why a new test could be created.

In conclusion, Mr. Chamberlain formally moved that in the opinion of this meeting the existence and activity of the Central Liberal Unionist organisation should be maintained.

An amendment in favour of dissolving the association was lost, only three voting for it, and Mr. Chamberlain's resolution was then carried, amidst cheering, with two dissentients.

## MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL GETS HIS WAY.



The Prime Minister has agreed that Mr. Winston Churchill should receive daily the Ministerial Whip. This favour was granted by Mr. Balfour at Mr. Churchill's own request. He is said to have pouted till he got it. (See page 3.)

### SIEGE OF LUCKNOW RECALLED.

The death took place yesterday at Beckenham of Lady Inglis, who was present at the siege of Lucknow. The second daughter of the first Lord Chelmsford, she was born in 1833. She was the widow of the famous defender of the Residency at Lucknow, Sir J. E. W. Inglis.

In addition to undergoing the terrors of the siege, Lady Inglis was shipwrecked on the voyage home to England.



Winston started pouting his lip when a boy, as this picture with his mother shows.

### BEST WRESTLER OF ALL.

At the Palace Theatre the wrestling craze has now been cleverly met by a nightly match between one of Spessard's bears and an American athlete. The style is naturally "catch-as-catch-can," with no particular rules, as the animal formulates his own as the game proceeds. A bear is a natural, born wrestler, and it is doubtful if any man could fairly shoulder-pin a fair-sized bear to the ground.

### SIR HENRY IRVING WILL APPEAR AT CHICAGO.

Some three thousand theatrical employees have been out of work at Chicago ever since the lamentable disaster at the Iroquois Theatre. Cable advices now state that McVicker's theatre, which re-opened on Monday, is giving the first performance anywhere in the city since the disaster. Sir Henry Irving is announced to appear at the Illinois Theatre next week.

## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Westerly to northerly breezes; some cold showers (sleet or snow in the north), then fair temporarily, with frost inland at night.

Lighting-up time, 5.53 p.m.

Sea Passages: English Channel, rather rough to moderate; North Sea, rough; Irish Channel, smooth.

According to telegrams from St. Petersburg Mr. Admiral Alexieff, Viceroy of the East, has been empowered to open hostilities against Japan if circumstances warrant, and it is expected that a prompt declaration of war will follow Japan's refusal of the terms contained in the next Russian Note. (Page 2.)

We understand on excellent authority that Mr. Chamberlain will shortly leave for the Continent for two months' holiday. (Page 2.)

In the House of Commons last evening the debate chiefly concerned Irish affairs. (Page 2.)

The death occurred last evening of Mr. Benjamin Pickard, Liberal M.P. for the Normanton Division of Yorkshire. (Page 11.)

The Liberal Unionist Association has thrown in its lot with Mr. Chamberlain, and at yesterday's meeting the ex-Colonial Secretary said he hoped that the Duke of Devonshire would still reconsider his decision as to resignation. (Page 1.)

His Majesty the King to-night attends the great Ice Carnival at Hengler's in aid of the Union Jack Club, and will entertain a party of sixty friends at supper. (Page 3.)

The Prime Minister, Mr. A. J. Balfour, is still absent from the House of Commons. He is not expected back until Monday at the earliest. (Page 5.)

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-Premier of France, is seriously ill, and is to undergo an operation. His portrait is given. (Page 5.)

Extraordinary scenes are reported in connection with the floods now general throughout the country. At Windsor Bridge last night the river was nearly 4 ft. above high-water mark, and was rising rapidly. (Page 11.)

Miss Masson, the young lady who disappeared from a village near Harpenden, where she had been staying, has returned to her friends. (Page 6.)

It is announced that Sir John Willoughby, famous for his connection with the Jameson raid, is to marry Miss Florence Hayward, an American actress. (Page 3.)

Mr. G. L. Jessop will be able to play in all county matches during the coming season. The announcement has given much satisfaction in Gloucestershire cricket circles. (Page 3.)

At Walsall last evening two children were found in a cottage with their throats cut. By them lay their mother, Ann Taylor, in a critical condition from a wound in the throat. (Page 3.)

As a wedding gift to Prince Alice of Albany, the burgesses of Windsor are giving her a beautiful half-hoop diamond bracelet. (Page 11.)

H.M.S. New Zealand, the largest battleship ever built at Portsmouth, is to be launched today by the Countess Onslow. Interesting particulars and illustrations appear. (Page 5.)

Miss Elizabeth Parkins, a new American soprano, sang before the King at the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society concert last night. Her portrait and career appear on page 9.

The claim made by Lord Cowley for expenses of three counsel, in the Hartopp divorce case, was yesterday upheld by the Court of Appeal. (Page 4.)

South London is concerned over the mysterious disappearance of a young girl, whose mother yesterday attended before the Southwark magistrate and told a remarkable story. (Page 4.)

A case that came before the Divorce Court yesterday was notable for the fact that the wife settled £1,400 on her husband, a doctor, in order that he might no longer treat certain cases. (Page 4.)

At the inquest respecting the death of a child, named Laurence, found with its throat cut at Ranelagh-road, Paddington, the jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the mother. (Page 4.)

"The Love Birds." Mr. George Grossmith's new musical comedy, will be produced at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday week. Interesting particulars are given. (Page 8.)

The coroner's jury which inquired into the circumstances attending the death of Colour-Sergeant Cooke, 3rd Grenadiers, found shot at Wellington Barracks, yesterday returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane. (Page 4.)

In the Bankruptcy Court, at a meeting of creditors under the receiving order made against Frank Wigram, the debtor admits having lost £5,000 by betting. (Page 4.)

A criminal now before the Assizes of the Seine, Paris, is said to have committed two burglaries every night for the past ten years. (Page 4.)

Acceptances for the spring handicaps were published yesterday. (Page 10.)

Very bad weather interfered with the comfort of racegoers at Newmarket. Patlander won the chief event of the day. (Page 10.)

## To-day's Arrangements.

Princess Christian gives her patronage to a Café Chantant in the Victoria Hall, White Hart Hotel, Windsor, in aid of Princess Christian's Infant Nursery, Windsor, 3.30-4.30.

Mr. Walter Long, M.P., attends the Annual Supper of the Baywater Habitation of the Primrose League, Paddington.

Banquet of the Royal Navy Club: Hôtel Metropole.

Grand Skating Fête and Ice Carnival at the National Skating Palace in aid of the Union Jack Club.

The Lord Chief Justice presides, and the Archbishop of Canterbury delivers an address, at the Annual Social Meeting of the Royal Courts of Justice Temperance Society.

Racing: Newmarket; Malton.

Athletics: At Cambridge, St. John's College.

## STILL BENT UPON HOME RULE.

Mr. Redmond Reminds the Liberals that the Irish Demand is Unchanged.

The first speech in the House of Commons yesterday had many merits as an oratorical effort, but its most shining quality was surely its remarkable appropriateness as a corollary to the Liberal Unionist meeting which was summoned by Mr. Chamberlain, and which is reported on page 1.

The speech was made by Mr. John Redmond, who is, perhaps, in some respects the most skilful speaker the House possesses. No one excels him in the command of the fluent sentence. If he has not always the best word at his disposal, he has always some other word which serves nearly as well. The occasional hesitancy of Mr. Balfour never marks the speeches of Mr. Redmond.

Mr. Morley has a most fatidic taste in words, and will often keep his audience waiting while he finds some epithet which suits his exact literary conscience, and even Mr. Chamberlain, like Homer, has been known to nod. But Mr. Redmond never pauses. His fluency meets with no obstructive rocks or embarrassing shallows, and the effect of his speeches is enhanced by the dignity of his bearing and a rightness of gesture which would satisfy even the professional teacher of elocution, who is known to be a stickler for these things.

Mr. Redmond had moved the adjournment on Tuesday night, and consequently had the Speaker's eye when preliminary business was disposed of and the debate on the Address was adjourned. Surrounding him was the spirited Irish brigade which Mr. Redmond alone can direct with some show of authority. They were ready to punctuate the regular periods of their chief with the cheers or

lover's quarrel, and hard things might in such circumstances be said.

Mr. Redmond proved himself equal to the occasion. The critics of the drama at St. Stephen's found in his references to the late Liberal-Unionist meeting which was summoned by Mr. Chamberlain, and which is reported on page 1.

The Liberals are already anticipating the sweets of office. So much elated have they been with the novel success of electoral successes that already the battle scars won on the floor of the House hall crossed. But the Irish spectre is left deliberately out of their account. Can they win or retain office without Irish support?

Mr. Redmond unpleasantly reminded them today that his party wants Home Rule, and will be satisfied with nothing else. If this be so, what of the new alliance between Free Fooders who are Unionists and Free Traders who are Liberals? Will the Free Fooders give up their Unionism? Can the Liberals escape the Home Rule entanglement? These were the questions which Mr. Redmond started, and as yet the Liberals have no reply. But could a better justification be afforded than this reassertion of the demand for Home Rule of the decision to keep the Liberal organisation in being.

Mr. Wyndham's speech in reply was delivered with all the speaker's grace and charm of manner. To Home Rule he offered, of course, uncompromising hostility, and he disappointed his Irish audience with the important announcement that there is to be no Government measure of Irish University Education.

They must deal, said Mr. Wyndham, with the problems under their noses with the materials at

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HOLIDAY.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has decided to take two months' holiday on the Continent.

He will leave London on the 15th inst.

The right hon. gentleman has worked so hard during his fiscal campaign that a rest has become necessary as it has been thoroughly well earned.

Asked by a friend yesterday what would happen in his absence, Mr. Chamberlain cheerfully remarked: "Oh! I like to see younger men busy. They will get along first-rate, you may be sure."

## KING AT A CONCERT

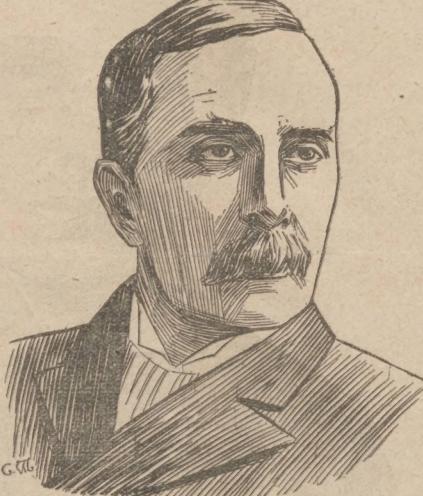
Listens With Pleasure to a New Soprano.

As was anticipated, the King honoured with his presence the concert given at Queen's Hall last night by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, at which the Prince of Wales took the chair.

The society is undoubtedly one of the finest amateur bands in the kingdom, and the way in which they played the opening overture, Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," excited the admiration of His Majesty, who applauded heartily. The other orchestral works performed were "Tchaikovsky's '1812,'" and the King's favourite march, "Pomp and Circumstance," which was conducted by Dr. Elgar himself.

The soloists were all "stars," Madame Clara Butt sang an old favourite, "The Lost Chord," and also duets with Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who concluded with his solo the songs by Clutsam and M. V. White. Herr Kreisler, the renowned Austrian

## GIANT FINANCIAL FIGHT—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER V. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.



Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, and the richest man in the world, has resigned his seat on the Board of the Steel Trust, to fight, it is said, against Mr. Morgan's interests.



Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, against whose rival interests Mr. Rockefeller is reported to have prepared an attack. It is said that the whole world will feel the effect.

the laughter which a Parliamentary leader looks for as his right, and on the opposite benches was a large audience of Unionists whose party bias does not prevent their enjoyment of the thoroughly good speech which Mr. Redmond can always supply. On the same side as the Irish were the Liberals, whose interest in the utterance was marked with some anxiety, for Irish and Liberals have had a

their hands, and he held out the hope to his own followers that Ireland would ultimately be won over to a happier mood if we persisted in the Unionist policy of assisting her material enrichment. The Nationalists, of course, scoffed at this anticipation, but Mr. Wyndham seemed confident enough. We heard of nothing all night save Irish grievances.

violinist, contributed two solos, and Miss Parkinson, from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," sang with immense success an air.

Her portrait and career appear on page 9.

## WHEN ITALIAN MEETS GREEK.

There have been wild scenes in Cane, Crete, Signor Angarani, according to Reuter, is the teacher of Italian at the Cretan Gymnasium, and he had introduced into the school a work of his construction sent by the Italian Government.

I contained passages expressing the following ideas:

The Greeks are an insignificant nation, and the majority of them are Albanians.

The Greeks of to-day are a choleric, disloyal, and impetuous race, braggarts and liars, knaves in their transactions.

Moral transgressions and bad faith, coupled with haughtiness and a fatuous pride in pompous phrases, are ruining the country.

Vast excitement was caused by this pamphlet, the tocsin was sounded; a mass meeting on war, and resolutions were passed in favour of the teacher's removal.

## RUSSIA'S GRIP ON TURKESTAN.

Reuter's representative has had an interview with Mr. O. T. Crosby, the American traveller, who returned to England from Central Asia, Kashgar, in Eastern Turkestan, he says, Russia's prestige is absolutely paramount.

No one on the spot doubts Russia's eventual absorption of Chinese Turkestan.

Mr. Crosby, however, is not of opinion Russia has any designs on Tibet, and thinks British fear about Russian influence at Lhasa are exaggerated.

## BLENDED BUTTER BOUND TO SPREAD.

"Milk-blended butter is really water-blended butter," said Lord Onslow yesterday, to a delegation of the Federated Grocers' Association, who pressed for the reintroduction of the Sale of Butter Bill, which was withdrawn last session.

Lord Onslow promised the Bill would be brought forward again, but the details must be left to the chairman of the measure. He said the question was of considerable importance not only to the consumer, but also to agriculturists, but also to the operation of blending milk with butter if not checked by law.

## WAR IF THE VICEROY THINKS FIT.

The situation in the Far East has reached almost the climax of gravity.

In St. Petersburg and Tokio the question of war is being debated with the tense anxiety that the gravity of the question demands.

The Tsar, according to Reuter, has now before him the report of the Special Council held to consider Russia's reply, which has not yet been presented, and may be ready for some days. The Tsar is regarding his most earnest consideration, but little hope is entertained may be judged from a telegram which states that Admiral Alexieff, the Viceroy of the Far East, has been given power to declare war and open hostilities as circumstances demand. Something like panic seems to have at last overtaken St. Petersburg.

The Russian squadron at Port Arthur is being moved out of harbour by orders from St. Petersburg, and, according to a Reuter special message, nine thousand troops have left Port Arthur to be near the Korean frontier.

On the other hand, the most intense anxiety is being felt in Tokio. Reuter, in a special message, indicates that the prolonged tension has reached a climax. A solemn council, to attend which Marquis Ito, the Emperor's most trusted adviser, was summoned from his country seat during the night, has been held and the conference lasted seven hours. Great importance is attached to it, for even the highest officials now make no concealment of their exasperation of Russia's tardiness.

"An unofficial despatch," adds the message,

"says Russia has 'decided on war.'

The depression on the St. Petersburg bourse is becoming daily more marked.—Reuter.

## DEATH OF LADY PULLAR.

Pullar's Perth Dyers are familiar to everyone. Sir Robert Pullar who owns the famous works has just lost his wife. Along with her husband she gave many munificent gifts to Perth, including a consumption sanatorium. Her life was devoted to works of benevolence and philanthropy.

## LUCKY ESCAPE.

Several people had a marvellous escape yesterday in Aldersgate-street. During the dinner-hour, when the pavements are most crowded, a heavy piece of coping fell from the roof of the Portland Arms, yet no one was even injured. The debris greatly delayed the traffic.

Miss Liza Lehmann is about to write the music for a new farce entitled "Sergeant Brue," the book of which is by Mr. Owen Hall.

## WINSTON THE WILFUL.

The Power of Mr. Winston Churchill's Lip as a Boy and an M.P.

Among young Parliamentary hands Mr. Winston Churchill is commonly spoken of as the most impetuous. All parties regard the member for Marlow with a certain sympathetic admiration. Though only in his thirtieth year, it is freely admitted that he has packed his days with doings. "Mother, I am getting absurdly old," he remarked to his fond parent on his twenty-first birthday. Thereafter he quickened his pace, with results that stand to his credit.

The traditions of his family required that he should cut a figure for his country. A Marlborough boy did not lie low and say nothing. So Mr. Churchill early in life adopted as his motto the words of Emerson, "Every great man is a non-conformist," in a wider than a sectarian sense.

## Wayward Follower.

Mr. Churchill is a nonconformist, and probably always will be. His individuality does not consist in being a wayward follower. Even so, his party should consist solely of himself, who in the satisfaction of leading it, would revel in its favouritism. He is the embodiment of Emerson's devil, and his favourite motto—inscribed in sundry society birthday cards—is the haughty sentiment of his satanic master:

"To reign is worth ambition. Twerk better to be in hell than serve in Heaven."

So it behoves that Mr. Winston Churchill should be the upper hand, if not exactly the whip-hand, of the Prime Minister. One cannot read the following announcement without emotion:

"In consequence of representations made by the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., will receive the daily ministerial whip."

Very likely Winston always was a bad boy, though surely not so bad as to need the daily administration of the whip. It sounds like a common abuse of chastisement. Yet, perhaps, one thinks Winston needs it. Winston himself thinks he deserves it. For, it was in consequence of representations "made by him" to the Minister that he got it.

Mr. Winston Churchill when a boy had his boy taken with his mother, exactly like other boys' papa or patrician. And he sulked over the operation. In proportion to a boy's sulks for sulking is his promise. Achilles sulked for a centaur in his cradle. He was the champion sulker of ancient or modern times, excepting perhaps Mr. Winston Churchill, who sulked in his constituency, and the Duke of Devonshire, who sulked in the Cabinet. These became the chief period.

That Point! A physiognomist, scanning the pictures on one, would look learnedly and say, "The boy is destined to be a man. See those underlip, they point. Therein lies power, will power, will and pedigree." The boy hates to stand still and is second to oblige the photographer. The boy likes to stand still to oblige anybody."

A gipsy fortune-teller foretold the boy's future. She would have made all her deductions from the petulant lip, while affecting to read only in his hands. She might have predicted, with some skill in her craft, that the boy would grow and write well. He has done both.

Churchill served with the Spanish forces in Cuba, and wrote, among other books,

"Ladysmith via Pretoria."

Old-age entered Parliament via journalism. Old-age, the young hero, escaped from a Boer prisoner, and pushed the "Morning Post" far beyond the limits of Belgrave by the thrilling accounts he gave of the dangers, goods trains, and lonely roads met on his way across country. Only the petulant lip explains all this. He sulked in his name.

There is another Winston Churchill, but he is less successful American novelist. Besides, he is only half as old, and this fact makes his namesake a good old man. Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P. for Oldham (probably) is a good writer. Whether he will always be the lash of the "daily Ministerial whip," of course, another story.

## £52 ON DRINK IN A WEEK.

In Southwark Police Court yesterday Edmund Purley, 29, of Bleak House, Purley, was charged with being drunk and incapable on two occasions in the neighbourhood of Waterloo-road, the first offence occurring while he was on bail.

After a previous hearing it was stated that the defendant, variously described himself as a good agent, a bank manager, and an export agent, had an income of £1,500 a year, and was spending £1,000 a week. Mr. Cecil Clegg, a solicitor, having proved his innocence, the court remanded the defendant to prison, and his family decided for that purpose.

## TOMMY RAN AWAY.

Five minutes before his bride was due, a soldier in the church, in Camforth, was waiting in the parish church. The new-opened thought of the little tip Tommy perhaps got, and all was ready for the ceremony. Tommy was not to be. When the bride appeared he suddenly took fright, scaled the church wall, and fled. His whereabouts are unknown.

A miner named Cope met his death in the Bailey Colliery, Heanor, yesterday, through steps of the cage when it stopped halfway down. The cage was evidently under the impression that the cage had reached the bottom. He was terribly mangled.

Their Majesties' guests will include the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady

## MR. BALFOUR PROSTRATED WITH "FLUE."

Will he Try the Wonderful "Hot Water and Nothing" Cure?

The condition of Mr. Balfour, who is prostrated with influenza, had improved last night. The morning bulletin read:—

"Mr. Balfour has passed a very quiet night, but there has been a slight rise of temperature this morning. Strength is well maintained."

A visit in the evening enabled the doctor to report an improvement:—

"Mr. Balfour has passed a good day. The temperature is lower to-night, and all the symptoms have improved."

Callers were very numerous all day. They included Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Sir Schomberg K. McDonnell, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

How is Mr. Balfour's influenza being treated? What medicine is he taking? What diet is he allowed?

How many people would like to peep into the Premier's sick room and read the prescriptions on the bottles and interview the nurse on the all-important question of food?

These things may not be revealed, and we know not whether the Premier is being dosed with anti-

veteran physician of Edinburgh, who was for some time a colleague of Sir James Simpson, to whom we owe the boon of chloroform.

What, then, is Dr. Keith's remedy? It is very much like that of Dr. Sangrado in "Gil Blas." It may be tersely stated in the following terms:—

For breakfast—Nothing, with a lot of hot water.

For luncheon—Nothing, with a lot of hot water.

For tea—Nothing, with a lot of hot water.

For supper—Nothing, with a lot of hot water.

For medicine—Nothing, but a lot of hot water.

In other words, Dr. Keith's prescription is to go to bed and stay there, take no food at all, solid or liquid, but as much hot water as the patient feels inclined to drink.

On this extraordinarily simple regimen, Dr. Keith's cures have been little short of miraculous.

Dr. Keith in his younger days was known as the "starving doctor," because he advocated the minimum quantity of food in all cases. Perhaps one of the most striking successes was made only a year or two ago with one of the best-known physicians in Edinburgh. He had been suffering from the terrible after effects of influenza for the best part of a year—fully ten months, if not more. Instead of getting better, although fed up with

## THE PREMIER'S UNEASY EASE.



Mr. Balfour, tied to his room with influenza and unable to take his place in Parliament, has the melancholy privilege of reading reports of the proceedings and speeches in the House in the morning paper.

pyrin or with ammoniated tincture of quinine, whether he is being given champagne (declared "the only sure cure"), or whether the sparkling wine of France is withheld from him.

Could anyone put up into pill or phial form a "sure cure" for influenza he would probably make a quick fortune. Yet something perilously like a sure cure does exist, and its very simplicity is, perhaps, its greatest obstacle to public favour. It is no quack medicine, for it owes its origin entirely, or in great part, to Dr. George S. Keith, the

so-called "strengthening food" and generous living in the shape of wine, etc., he grew steadily worse and worse. At last Dr. Keith was asked to see him. He cut off the "strengthening food" and the "generous living," and put the patient on a diet which would be ordinarily regarded as one of semi-starvation. In a few days the patient had taken a turn for the better. In a few weeks he was down and out again.

Will Mr. Balfour try Dr. Keith's plan?

Perhaps.

But, also, perhaps not.

## THE KING SUPS TO-NIGHT AT HENGLER'S CHARITY FETE WITH SIXTY FRIENDS.

Their Majesties the King and Queen Alexandra are giving a great supper-party at Hengler's tonight, the occasion being the ice carnival in aid of the Union Jack Club.

The Prince of Wales promised to be present some time ago, but their Majesties' announcement on Monday that they, too, would like to watch the skating came as a joyful surprise to the committee, and the delight was further increased on Tuesday morning when a message arrived from Buckingham Palace to the effect that the Royal Family would sup at Hengler's, and that tables were to be set for sixty.

Never happier than when arranging "surprise" parties, the King has commanded fifty friends to supper with him and the Queen.

Five round tables, each to seat twelve persons, are set facing the rink. The King will sit at the centre one, while those on either side will be respectively the Queen's and the Princess of Wales's. At the two other tables will be the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian.

Their Majesties' guests will include the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady

Howe, Lady Donoughmore, Lady Tweedmouth, Lady Derby, Lady Gerard, and Lady Gosford. Among the men will be Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, Major-General Baden-Powell, Col. Sir E. Ward, Captain Milner, the Russian Ambassador, Marquis de Soveral, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.

THE MENU OF THE SUPPER.

Consonné de Volaille.  
Médaillons de Homard. Sauce Mayonnaise.  
Côtelettes d'Agenais. Poêlée d'asperges.  
Caisses en Cocotte à la Lorraine.

Bœuf braisé à la Moderne. Sauce Cumberland.  
Poularde du Mans à la gelée.

Salade Lorraine.  
Mousseline en gelée à l'Orange.  
Glaçes Bouquetières.  
Corbeille de Friandise.

The skating rink will open in the afternoon, when there will be exhibition and general skating. The committee of the Union Jack Club are anxious that the public should look upon this as a J.E.T. fete, and each person come prepared to spend a sovereign: 10s. 6d. for entrance, 2s. for tea, and 7s. 6d. at the various stalls.

At the ice carnival in the evening the admission will be one guinea, and buffet supper half a guinea.

## RAID HERO'S SURRENDER.

Sir John Willoughby to Marry an American Actress.

Miss Florence Hayward, whose stage name is Vera Zalene, is the latest American beauty to announce her engagement to a British officer of title and distinction. Her choice has fallen on Sir John Willoughby.

Sir John, who has been considered "hopeless" by match-making mothers, came into prominent notice through his connection with the Jameson Raid, culminating in his trial and imprisonment. Of late years he has been in turns plaintiff, defendant, and witness in various law cases. The last occasion on which he appeared was during the Hartopp trial.

He is just forty-four years old, and has had considerable experience of life. He became a baronet at seven, was always allowed his own way by his mother, and took it. When he makes up his mind to do a thing, no power on earth will keep him from it. He has always been a great racing man, and when at Eton lost more money (£300)—betting, "on the nod," in the ring one Ascot Cup Day—than any Eton boy ever lost at those races. Further, Sir John has the reputation of "flinging his money about"; he is very generous, always well-groomed, and with a gallant soldier. He was major in the Horse Guards, went through the Egyptian and Nile Campaigns, has been in various small expeditions, and went all through the Boer war. He was with the Headquarter Cavalry Staff in Ladysmith during the siege, and had charge of the transport of the flying columns for the relief of Mafeking.

Now that he is to marry, he will probably settle down at his charming family seat in Buckinghamshire.

## WHEN WEALTH MEETS WEALTH.

Rockefeller and Morgan, Says Wall Street, Are to Fight to a Finish.

The greatest financial fight the world has known is threatened by report for the almost immediate future.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose wealth is beyond computation, has resigned his seat on the board of the Steel Trust.

Because, he states, he cannot give the necessary time to the work.

Because, states the rumour of Wall Street, he is about to join issue with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and fight him for mastery of the money market.

Mr. Morgan is not so rich as his rival, but he is very much more than what a Lancashire cotton spinner would call a "warm" man. He is able to fight even a Rockefeller.

When the financial giants come to a grip, every capital in Europe, as well as the American world of Wall Street, will feel the shock.

Mr. Rockefeller is an extremely silent operator, and never talks, nor are his associates permitted to speak of business. So the newspapers in New York are falling back upon what other magnates will say.

According to some opinions, the Rockefeller group has resolved to drive the Morgan group out of business for reasons unknown. According to others, who are likely to be right, Mr. Rockefeller's ambition is to become the head of the greatest railway combination ever known, even in America.

Reports of all sorts are flying about, but nothing is certain, save that Wall Street is convinced the Rockefeller resignation is a bad thing for the Morgan people.

## RADIAH TO SAVE A DAUGHTER.

LISBON, Sunday.

The first piece of radium seen in Portugal belonged to a wealthy English planter from Jamaica, who brought it in his pocket.

The story of the radium is pathetic. The Englishman has an only daughter whom he adores, but who is suffering from cancer. News of the curative properties of radium reached Jamaica, and the anxious father started immediately for Paris, where he obtained for £1,000 a piece of the precious metal scarcely the size of a finger-nail, which he confidently hopes will restore his daughter to health.

So interested are the Portuguese in the wonderful substance that Mr. Cooper has been literally besieged by visitors, and has been obliged to leave Lisbon and take refuge in Cintra while awaiting his steamer home.

## MOTHER DYING, CHILDREN MURDERED.

About 5 p.m. yesterday a horrible discovery was made in a cottage in North-street, Walsall, one of the poorer parts of the town. Two baby boys, aged two and four years respectively, were found dead with their throats cut, and the mother, a young married woman, named Ann Taylor, lay unconscious. It is stated that the woman had quarrelled with her husband, who was not about at the time of the tragedy.

The mother is not expected to recover.

## A DOUBLE DOUBLE EVENT.

Yesterday a man charged with being drunk and disorderly, at the Marylebone Police Court, explained in defence that his goods were stolen off a barrow while he was in a public-house, and this upset him. Mr. Plowden remarked: "You seem to have lost your goods, lost your wife, and lost your temper, and now you will lose half a crown."

## TWINS BORN IN A HANSON.

Whilst walking along St. Peter's-walk, Old Kent-road, Mrs. Margaret Payne, living in Guiness-buildings, S.E., was suddenly taken ill. She was placed in a hansom cab, but before reaching home gave birth to twins. Medical assistance was quickly at hand, and mother and children are doing well.

We regret that inadvertently in yesterday's issue we described Miss Gladys Deacon as an actress. Miss Deacon has never had any connection with the stage.

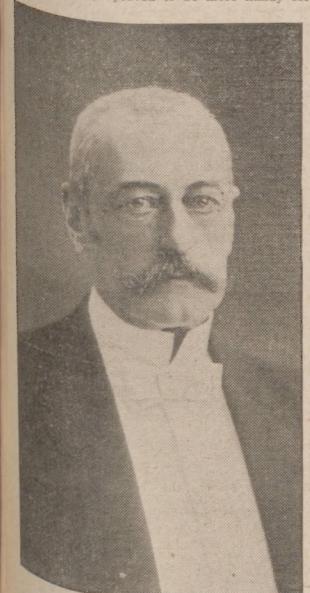


## OUR LATEST GREAT FIGHTING MACHINE.

The New Zealand, Representing the Most Powerful Type of Warship Afloat, to be Launched To-day.

The New Zealand, the latest addition to the British Navy, is to be launched at Portsmouth to-day. The ceremony will be performed by the Countess of Onslow, the wife of the President of the Board of Agriculture.

The New Zealand is the largest vessel ever launched at Portsmouth. The class of battleships to which she belongs is officially known as the King Edward VII. Class, the first ship of the series launched being the King Edward VII., in August of last year. This class is the most powerful in the Navy, and is believed by naval experts to represent the most deadly fighting machine in the world. The displacement of the New Zealand, with full equipment and full coal supply, is almost 18,000 tons. Her length is 425ft., and she is 78ft. beam. British naval architects have favoured short vessels since the days of the Spanish Armada, for they have always proved to be more handy for



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.  
"M. Joseph Chamberlain" of France is dangerous to see friends. This increases the anxiety that is felt for him.

rapid manoeuvring; so, in spite of being more than 2,000 tons heavier than the latest French battleship of the Patrie class, the New Zealand is 20ft. longer, and 35ft. shorter than the latest American design which have been projected. These battleships of our latest class mark a new departure in gun armament. Formerly we have fitted our heavy battleships with four great 12-inch guns and ten or twelve 6-inch guns, but our new ships carry four 9.2-inch guns as well as four 12-inch guns. The 12-inch guns are mounted in barbettes fore and aft, and the 9.2-inch in casemates on the broadsides. This arrangement enables four guns to be trained fore and aft as occasion requires, and makes a great addition to the fighting power. The New Zealand is protected by a belt of nine-inch steel along her whole water-line, and her protection is twenty-five per cent. greater than in any other class of battleship.

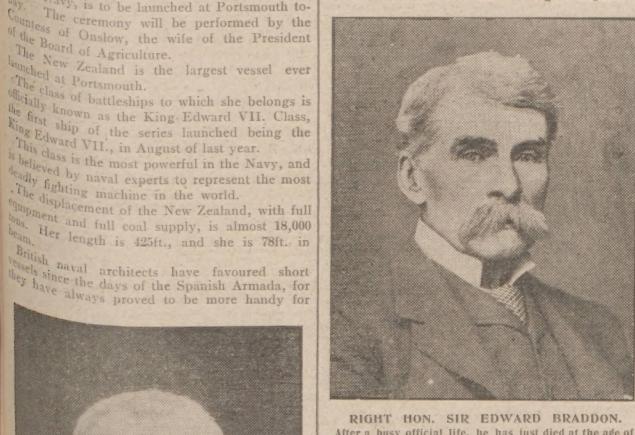
A few years ago a battleship was compelled to come about twenty inches of steel and iron for safety, but owing to new systems of hardening the armor twelve inches of steel will now keep



The mighty stern of the New Zealand, as seen in the dock. She is equal in size to the King Edward VII. The Countess of Onslow launches her to-day. [Cribb.]

out the most powerful projectiles at any range over three and a half miles.

The four twelve-inch guns which the New Zealand carries fire two projectiles a minute, each weighing 850lb., and able to pierce thirteen inches of the best steel armour or forty-two inches of iron. Her 9.2 guns will fire from two to three rounds per minute, according to the skill of her gun crews. The projectiles weigh 380lb., and will pierce 3ft. of iron. She has also ten 6-inch guns capable of

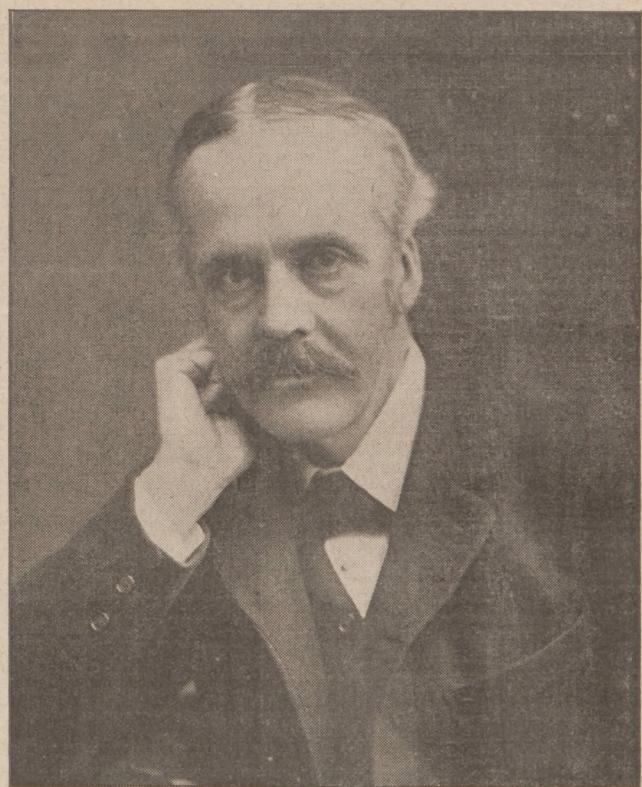


RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD BRADDON.  
After many official life he has just died at the age of seventy-five. He was the brother of Miss Braddon, the famous novelist, and served as a volunteer in the Crimea. After his retirement from Indian service, he went to Tasmania and, becoming a member of the Legislative Assembly, rose to the position of Speaker.

[Photo by Elliott & Fry.]

firing a 100lb. projectile four or five times each minute; fourteen twelve-pounders, fourteen three-pounders, two machine guns, and two torpedo tubes. A 30ft. ram completes her offensive armament.

Only one class of warships carries an armament so heavy as this. The new American battleships will carry four 12-inch, eight 8-inch, and twelve 7-inch guns. It is an important fact, however, that



Mr. Balfour was absent from the House at the opening of Parliament owing to his old enemy, influenza, and is still kept away. He is not likely to be back again until Monday at the earliest.

[London Stereoscopic Co.]

### THE FIRST M.P. IN THE HOUSE.



Mr. J. C. Macdonald, member for Rotherhithe, was the first M.P. to secure his seat in the new session. He was first last year also. He came at eleven o'clock on Monday, and was in his seat at one minute after midnight. [Boudin.]

the power of our heavy guns has been increased recently without altering the measurements or weight.

The enormous attacking power of such a battleship as the New Zealand seems almost incredible. At a fair range her guns could riposte her own armour like so much pasteboard. At a range of over sixteen miles her guns could do serious damage, and at 3,000 yards they would pierce sixteen inches of the toughest armour known.

The storm of steel and iron which she could pour out upon an enemy is no less than five tons each minute that she is engaged. The best French battleship could only reply to this storm of metal with four tons.

Our new class of battleships is four in number: the King Edward VII., the New Zealand, the Commonwealth, and the Dominion.

### "STRONG MAN OF FRANCE."

Serious Illness of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Ex-Premier.

PARIS, Wednesday.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-Premier of France, is seriously ill. He has been suffering for some time from a grave affection of the liver, and the doctors fear that a surgical operation will shortly be necessary.

The ex-Premier himself is anxious for this to take place, but the medical men who are in attendance on him are afraid to operate just now owing to the state of the patient. By his express wish no bulletins are issued. The "strong man of France" is making his state even more serious by the insistence with which he gets up for an hour or two every day and receives intimates.

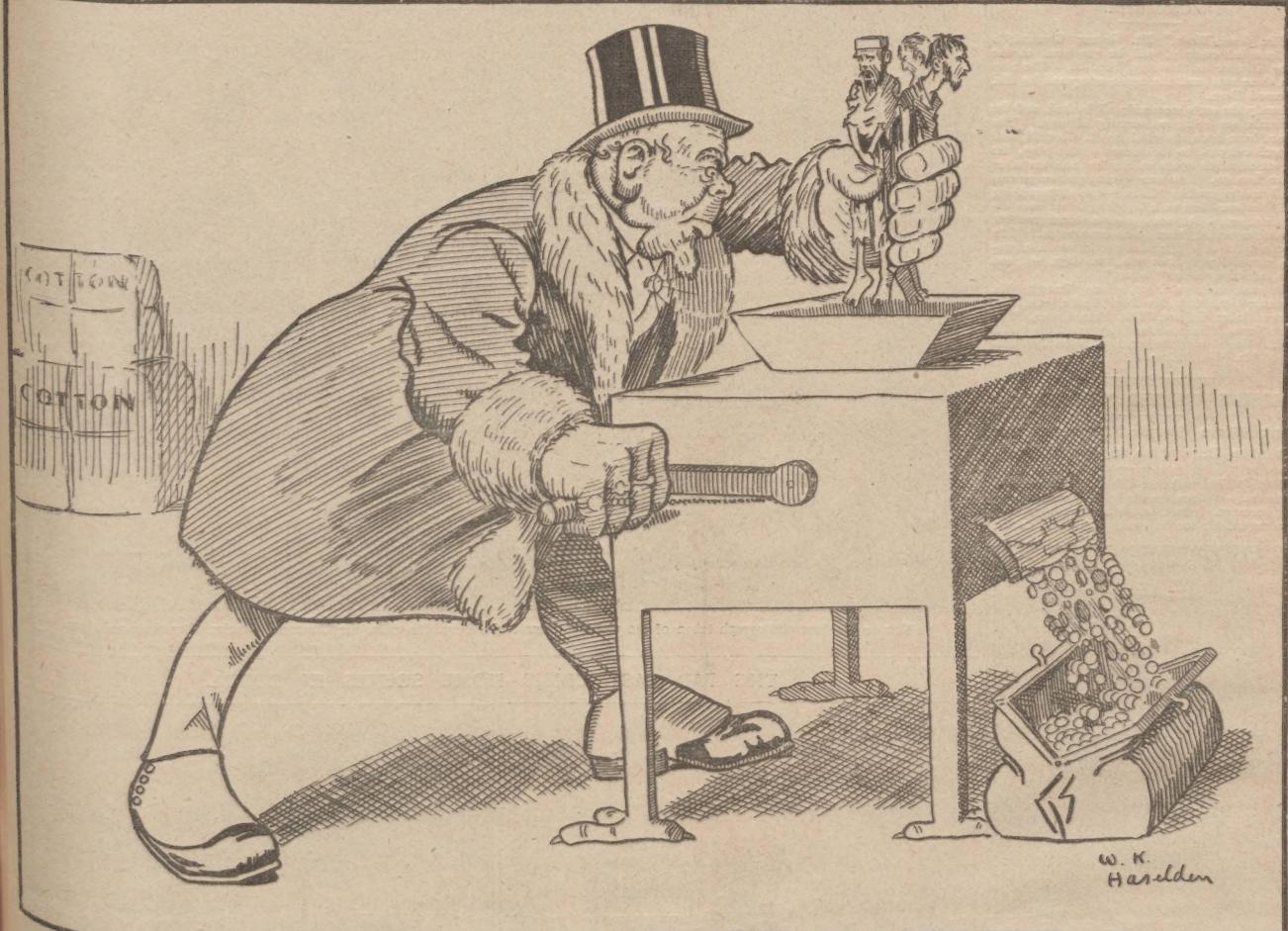
The doctors have already warned him that he is endangering his life by doing so, but M. Waldeck-Rousseau will not listen. "Operate then," he says, "if I am so seriously ill, and get it over—one way or another."



The New Zealand's quarter-deck and barbette shown in the picture make clear the enormous size of the battleship. [Cribb.]



## IN THE GRIP OF THE AMERICAN GAMBLER.



In order that they may make money, unscrupulous speculators in the United States have raised the price of cotton, and this has closed mills in Lancashire and inflicted untold suffering upon the people!

## AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT at 9.  
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
MATINEES AND 2.30 BY THE WIDOW WOOS.  
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.  
EVERY EVENING AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.20.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.  
MONSIEUR BEAUCARNE.

LAW 7 Performances.  
MATINEES AND 2.30.  
EVERY SATURDAY AND WEDNESDAY, 2.30.

IMPERIAL, Westminster.

OLD HEIDELBERG.  
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

## PERSONAL.

W. H. FORD, 129, 130, 131 Holborn, London, E.C.  
Editorial, Advertising, and General Business  
Offices, of the Daily Illustrated Mirror are—  
2, CARMELITE-STREET,  
LONDON, W.C.

TELEGRAMS: 1210 and 1311 Holborn.  
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41 and 42, 1896 Gerrard Street, London, W.  
PARIS OFFICE: 23, Rue Taitbout.

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For America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, &c., the rates are: For three months, 10s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.; and remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.,"  
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It is imperative that all manuscripts be accompanied by the writer's name and address written on the envelope, with the word "Contribution" on the outside. The first and last pages of the manuscript, not on the reverse side, should be sent only, in the letter that may possibly accom-

The Daily  
Illustrated Mirror.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1904.

## TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS

## Will It Ever Stop?

The difficulty in writing or talking about the rain is to find terms suited to polite society in which to express one's feelings. Day after day this miserable climate proceeds to further extremities of gross outrage. Last year seemed to have reached the limit of endurance. Yet this year, so far, has been just as bad, if not worse. During January the total amount of bright sunshine registered at Westminster did not even reach twenty hours. Striking an average there was only just over half an hour's sunshine a day throughout the whole month. It is monstrous that we should be compelled to live under such conditions.

Not even the announcement of a new cure for fogs can bring a gleam of anticipation into our watery eyes. Why, with rain falling in this incessant fashion, we cannot even get up a respectable fog for the Glasgow inventor of a smokeless furnace to experiment upon! Can there be any wonder that our trade is in a bad way, and that our competitors outpace us by being more energetic and enterprising? They do not have to inhabit an island which lies under a perpetual cloud, or walk about in liquid mud an inch deep. If Mr. Chamberlain could offer us protection against the weather, the whole country would vote for him like one man.

It is all very well for weather experts to say that times have been as bad before. Figures may be marshalled to prove this, but you can prove anything by figures. So far as the recollection of living persons can go, there has never been such a long, uninterrupted spell of gloom and wet. Never had such a bad year as 1903 been experienced on the Thames. And now all the low-lying districts

are under water once more. From Windsor Castle the river looks like a huge lake. Even London has begun to feel the effects of the millions of gallons of flood water which are pouring over the weirs. Yesterday the riverside streets in Lambeth and Westminster were sufferers.

The worst of it is that nothing can be done.

"For every evil under the sun

There is a remedy, or there's none,"

says the old adage. This is one of those evils which can only be endured. Those who can do so are leaving the country and seeking more hospitable climes. Most of us are not in a position to get away. We must bear the everlasting "drip, drip," and the intolerable greyness of the sky as best we can. To paraphrase slightly the words of one of Mr. Meredith's most famous characters, we must dry our feet and try to bear our lot.

BREAKFAST  
TABLE TALK.

The marvellous "N-rays" are rather under a cloud, notwithstanding that M. Baraduc announces fresh results of an even more marvellous character. The failure of independent investigators to get any results at all has led to the suggestion that the "N" shall be written with an "o" after it in future.

A London magistrate at an East End court is reported, after hearing how a tailor oppressed his employees, to have asked, "What is a sweater?" The sooner our magistrates recognise the fact that a display of ignorance is not funny in any one below the rank of a Judge of the High Court the better for themselves and for the public.

A Northumberland vicar advocates a short way of dealing with drunkards. A man who has a drunken neighbour is to thrash him as being a scandal to the neighbourhood. Any one who has ever seen half-a-dozen stalwart constables trying to get a six-foot market porter to the station will realise the beautiful simplicity of the clerical plan.

At the Post Office Wages Committee it was officially denied that postmen's Christmas boxes were officially recognised as part of their wages. Of course, if the Christmas

boxes were abolished the men would want a rise of salary, but that, to the official mind, is quite another matter. Nothing is officially recognised by a Government department that is not duly signed, sealed, and tied up in red tape.

Houdini, the prison-breaker, has just broken out of the Liverpool Bridewell, where he was locked in a cell with no other clothing than three pairs of handcuffs. Houdini is naturally much admired by the burgling profession, but its members sorrow deeply over his wasted abilities. They say that for such a genius to lead an honest life as he does is a positively wicked neglect of the choicest gifts of nature.

The Macedonian leaders have issued a manifesto pointing out that their revolutionary business, which has lately been limited to the collection of subscriptions owing to the inclemency of the weather, will shortly be again in full swing. Meanwhile, the papers are so full of the Russo-Japanese imbroglio that it is feared that revolutionaries will have but little show. The advertisement columns are, however, open to them at the usual rates.

A contemporary, speaking of air-baths as a cure for brain fag, remarks that certainly savages, who enjoy a perpetual air-bath, are not liable to the complaint:

The savage in the tropic clime  
Who takes an air-bath all the time,  
And lives upon a simple plan,  
Is not a neurotic man.

But does not wily Eskimo  
Ever suffer from neuritis? No!  
And yet he wears a fur-lined cap  
And shuns a bath in any shape.

And shall I rub myself with grease,  
And cause my laundry bill to cease,  
Though even chronic brain fag may  
Be cured in just that piggy way?

No, give to me my morning tub,  
My brief, exhilarating scrub;  
If others like to bathe in air,  
Well, that is just their own affair.

A correspondent sends the following instance of the curious working of the childish mind. Tommy had dreamed that he saw a dead man sit up and look at him, and the recollection distressed him. A tactful mother tried to explain that the man could not have been really dead; he must have been ill, and it was nice to think he got better, and so forth. The young psychologist was unconvinced. "Oh, no, mummy," he said, "it was a ghost, it was weakly. If you'd only seen it! Not at all a gentlemanly face!"

**"THE LOVE BIRDS."**

New Musical Play by Mr. George Grossmith.

"The Love Birds," Mr. George Grossmith's new musical comedy, will be produced at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday, Feb. 13. The play is in three acts and the music composed by Mr. Raymond Rose.

Already the seats are nearly all booked, and the rehearsals are going on merrily all day. The dresses have been designed by A. Cornelli, and are well adapted to the scenes of the play, the first act of which opens in Henley and the other two in London. Two very quaint picture posters have been designed by "Nils"—one of them being two little love birds on a bough with amorous expressions on their faces, and a black tom-cat beneath regarding them, also amorously. The other consists of a lady and gentleman in a gondola, surrounded by two cats, two dogs, and two birds, all engaged in "loving."

The cast includes Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, Mr. Fred Leslie, jun., Mr. George Fuller Golden, Miss Kate Cutler, Miss Lottie Venn, Miss Blanche Ring, and Miss Edith Nevill. The play will be produced under the direction of Mr. Will Bishop.

**LIGHTS ON THE "MIRROR."**

What Some People Think of This Notable Enterprise in Journalism.

"Truth" this week has this kindly expression of opinion:—"When the *Daily Mirror* first made its appearance, I could not honestly congratulate those responsible for its production. But, in the



**MR. WALTER CREIGHTON,**  
The son of the late Bishop of London. He has  
gone on to bigger and somewhat unusual profes-  
sion for the son of a Bishop.

new shape which the paper has now assumed as the *Illustrated Mirror*, it is a remarkable piece of journalistic enterprise which certainly deserves success. The idea of issuing a sixteen-page illustrated newspaper at one halfpenny would have staggered journalistic humanity even a quarter of a century ago; and the halfpenny illustrated paper has come, and has probably come to stop. Its advent shows what a change has come over the spirit of daily journalism in the course of a generation. The public taste in daily papers to-day seems to be entirely for something light, bright, chatty, and readable, and each new step in the newspaper world is a step in this direction. The portentously solemn and heavy journalism which suited our grandfathers is rapidly becoming extinct."

Among the numberless letters of satisfaction at the change in the character of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* came these encouraging lines from a correspondent at Stourbridge:—

With great discrimination  
You've created a sensation  
By your bold, original  
Accept sincere congratulation  
For so unique a compilation.

**SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE.**

Statistics to hand regarding the trade of Denmark show that while the United Kingdom takes three-fifths of the Danish exports, it only enjoys about one-sixth of the imported trade of the country.

Germany, on the other hand, accepts only about

**KUBELIK AND HIS TITLED WIFE.**

This is the first photograph taken of the violinist Herr Kubelik and his wife, the Countess Czarky, after their marriage.

[Photo by Ellis & Waller]

**THE FAR EAST CRISIS—HOME SCENES IN KOREA.**

Here is a sampan sailing on the Inland Sea. Sometimes the boat is rowed by the oar thrust out from the stern, while the boatman stands up by the side of the post shown in the picture.

Stereo Copyright, Underwood & Underwood.



Korean children under camera fire. Photographs like this are difficult to obtain, because the parents think the camera will harm their children.

[Underwood & Underwood]

**MARRIED "MISS SNOW."**

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Nephew United to a Japanese Lady.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

A newspaper wedding notice of this morning announced the first marriage by a member of a prominent American family to a Japanese lady.

Mr. George D. Morgan, nephew of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, was married at Yokohama seven days ago to Miss Yuko ("Snow") Kato, of Kyoto. The bridegroom graduated from Yale University ten years ago. He is very wealthy, and is interested in Anglican Church work in Japan.

The bride belongs to a good family.

**"AT HOME" BEFORE HANGING.**

An execution in the Western States of America seems to be more or less a social function. One John Robertson, of Kirksville, Missouri, was condemned to be hanged for the murder of his mother and law. At last favour he asked to be allowed to shake hands with his friends before going to the scaffold.

As he was a social lion a big crowd assembled on the morning of the execution. He was like a Presidential reception, and Robertson shook hands with no fewer than 1,200 persons.

When it was all over the hero of the occasion was hanged.

**A RESPITE.**

The Home Secretary has notified that the death sentence has been respite in the case of Mrs. Ann Boyle, who was found guilty last week at Lancaster Assize of the murder of her five-year-old son at Barrow.



This is a picture of a Korean Shark Market, where shark fins, which are a great delicacy in this quaint country, are laid out for sale.

versus their relative positions as regards exports and imports, to the immense advantage of the latter. Surely something could be done to place English trade on a more equitable basis.

**THE WORLD OF MOTORS.**

Habits of the Crystal Palace will, within a few days, find a wonderful transformation in the huge building. To make room for the second annual motor show, from the 12th to the 24th, plants, statues, and even fountains are being removed.

The stands will number about 300, which means that at least 1,000 cars will be on view, to say nothing of accessories and a perfect mob of motor cycles. Everything, from the cypher at £30 to the luxurious car at £3,000, will be represented.

The exhibits are about 25 cent. more numerous than last year, and the countries to be represented are France, Belgium, Germany, United States, Italy, Switzerland, and Holland.

There will be a ladies' day on Tuesday, the 16th, when tea and a reception will be given by the vice-presidents in the Kings' Room.

**OILED ELEPHANT.**

Central Park Zoo, in New York, has a star attraction in a baby elephant named Hattie. Although only four months arrived from Ceylon, she has learnt a number of tricks, which furnish an all-round circus entertainment for the crowds, old and young, who daily visit her. The first winter is a critical time for an unaccustomed elephant, and as a substitute for the mud baths in which these animals delight in their natural state she is thoroughly oiled once a month. This treatment has given her a remarkably fine, soft hide, and will, it is considered, protect her from rheumatism and kindred pachyderm ills.

## SINGING TO FAME.

Remarkable Success of a New American Soprano.

Miss Elizabeth Parkina is a young American soprano with a wonderful voice, who has, in the short space of six months, sung her way right into the front rank of artistes. It was only in September last that Miss Parkina, quite unknown to English audiences, appeared at a promenade concert and aroused much enthusiasm by her singing of the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé." Since then important engagements have been fulfilled by the Young singer, who is engaged to appear this season at the Philharmonic Concerts and at Covent Garden in grand opera, two honours which have seldom been bestowed so soon on any singer. Miss Parkina is a native of Kansas City, and has studied in Paris with that famous teacher of



MISS PARKINA.  
She sang last night at the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society Concert. The King seldom fails to attend this concert.

Singing—Madame Marchesi. Her voice is remarkable for its brilliance and purity of tone in upper ranges, and is of exceptional compass. Madame Melba, it should be added, is greatly interested in the young cantatrice, and it was owing to her kindly offices that Miss Parkina was brought to the notice of some of the most influential people in the world of music.

## SAVED BY A LADY.

The presence of mind shown by Miss Woolf, a young lady living at 34, Clarendon-gardens, Maida Vale, was chiefly responsible for James Deller, a canal sweeper, appearing in the dock at Marylebone Court yesterday, on a charge of attempting to commit suicide in the Regent's Canal. On Tuesday night Miss Woolf heard cries of "Help, help," from the canal side near Bloomberg, Maida Vale, and running along the tow-



MISS CLARA BUTT,  
the famous contralto, who was one of the singers at the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society Concert.  
Mr. Kenneth Rumford, was singing also. The  
man who was one of the founders, used  
to play the violin in the orchestra.

(Photo by Bacon & Son.)

## RUSSIA PREPARING FOR WAR.



This picture, specially drawn by our artist from a sketch made on the spot, shows a Cossack outpost guarding Russian interests on the Trans-Siberian Railway in Manchuria, and watching a train carrying military stores.

I thought when they were gone I might as well go too. It is my wife's tongue."

Mr. Plowden: You prefer your wife's tongue now, do you?

The wife was in court, and told the magistrate that she was by no means tired of her husband, and that they parted all right on Saturday.

Mr. Plowden discharged Deller, advising him to return to his wife, and not sacrifice himself for her again.

## THE EAST LONDON APPRENTICE.

The Thames Police Court magistrate yesterday, asking for the definition of a "sweater," received considerable enlightenment from hearing an account of the treatment meted out to his apprentices by an East End manufacturing tailor. Only apprentices were employed by this master. Beginners received no salary at first, and afterwards only half-a-crown a week. First-class apprentices only earned a few shillings, as the best work given to the unpaid girls. The hands were also charged 2d. for a reel of cotton which could be bought for 1d. outside.

## ON THE BLACK LIST.

Although the "Black List" is no longer circulated among publicans by the police it is by no means a dead letter. This was brought home to Kate Rogers, 65, yesterday, at the Marylebone Police Court. She had several times been convicted of being drunk, and had been placed on the Black List. She was now sentenced to three months' imprisonment in default of finding sureties for her good behaviour.

## FRANCE AND ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.

A telegram from Paris yesterday states that the French Government will to-day officially promulgate a law whereby an extraordinary credit of 50,000 francs will be opened for the expenses of the French section of Agriculture and Horticulture at the St. Louis Exhibition.

By the invitation of Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the boys and staff of the Duke of York's School, to the number of 600, witnessed yesterday's matinee performance of "The Cricket on the Hearth."

## "A COINAGE QUESTION."

A number of readers who saw the letter in Monday's issue asking whether there were many florins about with the upright figure of Britannia upon them, have written to say that such coins had been in their possession during the last few weeks.

## POPE GIVES HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

Father Whitmee, Rector of the English Catholic Church of San Silvestro, Rome, celebrated his jubilee yesterday.

Among the presents he received (says Reuter) were a photograph from the Pope, with his Holiness's autograph, and a beautiful gold dessert service from Queen Margherita.



Wisham Climber, the champion collie, just purchased for a record price by Mr. J. Pierpoint Morgan.

(Bourdon)

# ACCEPTANCES FOR SPRING HANDICAPS.

Most of the Horses Fancied by the Public have been Left in the Early Races on the Flat.

## PATLANDER LANDS.

The Liverpool Trial 'Chase at Newmarket.

There is no foundation for the report that Griggs will ride Gold Lock in the Lincoln Handicap. For he himself hath said it. He was not aware at the time that forfeit had been paid for the Irish colt.

The fancy dress ball at the Rutland Hotel, Newmarket, on Friday, promises to be a stupendous success. Most of the important residents will take part. There is to be another ball at the Victoria Hotel, Newmarket, on the 10th inst.

Lady Derby, whose efforts on behalf of the Princess of Wales's appeal for the Royal Waterloo Hospital have been successful, takes much interest in Liverpool races, where Lord Derby and Lord Stanley are generally represented by some conspicuous thoroughbred. The big race at Epsom is named in honour of the family, and the Oaks after what was once their Surrey residence, so it was appropriate that Lord Derby's Canterbury Pilgrim won the "Ladies' Race" at Epsom in 1896. The King's Persimmon had taken the Derby two days earlier, and as Thais, carrying the royal colours, was beaten by Canterbury Pilgrim, the public refrained from cheering with enthusiasm which would have been noticed if the bearer of Lord Derby's black and white had won in an ordinary season.

### Places for Acceptors.

Acceptors for the Lincoln Handicap include Over Norton (last year's winner), Portcullis (second), and Ypsilanti (third).

In the Grand National the "contents" embrace Drumtree (the winner in 1903), Detail (second), Manifesto (third), and Kirkland (fourth).

Brambilla, who took the City and Suburban last year, is dead; but Valenzia (third) remains in the race, and so likewise Over Norton (third) and Pistol (fourth). Robert le Diable, who started favourite in 1903, and finished seventh, is a notable acceptor.

"Contents" in the Jubilee Stakes include Ypsilanti (victorious last year), Duke of Westmoreland (second), Hazazi (third), and Handicapper (fourth).

The weights are raised 9lb in the Great Metropolitan, and Likely Bird occupies the post of honour. That smart Jumper, Mark Time can at Epsom follow in the footsteps of Wavelet's Pride. It is to be noted that Mr. Robinson has only two jumpers in training at Foxhill—Mark Time and Vibrant—a very useful pair.

Yenikale and Cold Harbour, winners of the first couple of races at Malton yesterday, were both ridden by H. Taylor, who was on the back of Buffalo Bill when that "chaser ran third to Grudson and Drumtree in the Grand National of 1901.

A fine morning at Newmarket yesterday led to the belief that the steeplechases would be run under pleasant conditions. Wet set in, however, about half-past nine in the morning, and "teamed down" during the greater part of the proceedings. The late Judge Clark used to declare that rain on Newmarket Heath could be attributed to the absence of trees. Yesterday's downpour was possibly due to the presence of "sticks."

Surprise is felt at the removal from the Lincoln Handicap of General Cynone, who had been a quiet tip for some time. Powney's stable has a powerful representative in Dumbarton Castle, a son of Wolf's Crag, a past winner of the Lincoln race. Hazazi is another whom many thought a "rod in pickle," and Gold Lock and Suburban await a later day, and so likewise Hazazi, who ran with prominence at Kempton Park in 1903.

### Leinster Left Out.

Drumree cannot be got ready for Liverpool, and J. Cannon is only represented in the Grand National by Pride of Mabestown. Sir C. Nugent entertained little belief in the ability of Leinster to stay the Aintree distance, and the son of Ascent is removed. The stable is nevertheless still satisfied to allow John M.P. to remain, in company with last year's winner, Drumtree and Shishape. The Actuary, who fenced so well at Nottingham, is an acceptor, in company with his stable companion, old Manifesto. As foreshadowed in these pages, Ambus II. and Bessie accept, and the latter is fancied somewhat.

Littleton, Bachelor's Button, and Handicapper having been associated with the minor forces in the Liverpool Spring Cup, the weights are raised, and Fighting Fury, who won the race in 1903, goes to the top of the handicap. Littleton holds his ground in the Lincoln Handicap and City and Suburban, where Kilgass, Bass Rock, and Gascoigne may be dangerous starters.

"The smallest attendance ever seen at a meeting at headquarters," they said. Notwithstanding this, the unemployed flat race jockeys appeared in numbers, all eagerly awaiting Lincoln. On the course were Madden, H. Toon, Griggs, J. Woodburn, young Jarvis, C. Manser, and H. Jones, the pilot of Diamond Jubilee.

Luck, as well as judgment, is still associated with P. Woodland, and if Woolsllash had a bad mistake when running for the Stechworth Hurdle Race, Somerled refused to carry F. Mason home.

So Woodland gained the victory, which did not impress spectators, and "seventy-five" bought in the winner.

A bad blunder cost Commandale the Bury Hurdle Race, and Klingsor won, to the gratification of bookmakers. A deal of bother followed because Box dismounted outside the appointed enclosure, and an objection would have been lodged by the owner of West Mersea had he not been assured that it would fall.

Willie Nightingall brought Patlander to Newmarket, and sent his charge for the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase saying: "My galloper is in dreadful condition, and he may as well pick up a hundred and have a gallop in public." The horse is in the Grand National with 10st 10lb, and "Taffy" Matthews, his rider yesterday, will steer him at Liverpool.

Mason rode three seconds during the day, and Lyndon Green ran like a cur when beaten by Royal Zephyr, smothered opposition in the Giralta Hurdle Race, whilst Vibrant gave a splendid display. His first performance over fences was a stamper, and with one slight blunder, he came through like a future winner of the Grand National.

## FANCIES FOR TO-DAY.

### NEWMARKET.

"THE ARROW." "OLD ROWLEY." (Newmarket.)

1.20.....M. G.	2.20.....BAND OF HOPE.	2.50.....COMMANDALE.	3.20.....HUGATH LATH.*	3.50.....ROY LOPEZ.	3.50.....DENVER II.	3.50.....CURRAGHMORE.
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### RACING RETURNS.

#### NEWMARKET.—WEDNESDAY.

1.30.—The STETCHWORTH SELLING HURDLE RACE of 40 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. C. V. Taber's WOOLASHILL, 5yrs., 10st 10lb. ... P. Woodland 1

Mr. J. A. Miller's SOMERLED, 5yrs., 11st 6lb. ... Mrs. Blount's son, a 10st 12lb. Driscoll 2

Also ran: Tally (10st 12lb), 4 to 10st 12lb. (Winner trained by W. Woodland)

Betting—1 to 10 on Somerled, 6 to 4 on Woolsllash, 10 to 1 Kingfisher, 5 to 20 and 10 to 1 Tiger Lily.

Won by a length; a bad third.

1.50.—The BURY HURDLE CAPTION HURDLE RACE of 60 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. A. B. Worthington's ZEPHYR, 5yrs., 10st 7lb. ... H. Box 1

Mr. White-Heather's WEST MERSEA, 5yrs., 10st 7lb. ... A. Nightingall 2

Mr. J. E. Taber's COMMANDALE, 5yrs., 10st 7lb. ... Mrs. Blount's son, a 10st 12lb. Driscoll 2

Also ran: Maori Queen II. (a 1st 12lb.), Zanzibar (a 1st 12lb.), Minaret (10st 12lb.), Desos (10st 12lb.), Sir Pat (5yrs., 10st 7lb.), Chariot (5yrs., 10st 7lb.), Sir (4yrs., 10st 12lb.), Rose of Navarre (5yrs., 10st 7lb.), Ballasagh (5yrs., 10st 9lb.).

(Winner trained privately)

Betting—7 to 4 against Commandale, 5 to 1 Minstre, 6 to 1 Sir Pat, and 100 to 8 each Kingfisher and others.

Won by three lengths; a similar distance between second and third.

2.20.—The LIVERPOOL TRIAL STEEPECHASE of 100 sovs. About 10 miles and three furlongs.

Mr. W. E. Nelson's PATLANDER, aged, 10st 7lb. ... Matthews 1

Mr. F. Whittaker's BRIAN BOORU, aged, 11st 6lb. ... Owner 2

Mr. C. Lary's COTTENSHOPE, aged, 10st 2lb. ... W. Morgan 3

Also ran—Peccavi (aged, 11st 1lb.), Shaftesbury (aged, 10st 8lb.).

(Winner trained by W. Nightingall)

Betting—5 to 4 on Patlander, 5 to 1 Brian Booru, 9 to 2 Cottenshope, and 100 to 8 each others. Won by six lengths; and third.

2.50.—The TOWN SELLING STEEPECHASE of 40 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. Leetham's ROYAL VINTAGE, 5yrs., 11st 7lb. ... Dean 1

Mr. F. Bishop's LYNDON GREEN, 5yrs., 12st 1lb. ... Cossack 2

Mr. C. V. Taber's HUGATH LATH, aged, 12st 1lb. ... Mason 3

Also ran—Little Brown Mouse (aged, 12st), Kirby Grange (6yrs., 12st 1lb.). (Winner trained privately)

Betting—5 to 4 against Lyndon Green, 4 to 1 Royal Vintage, 5 to 1 each Little Brown Mouse and Kirby Grange, and 3 to 2 Hugath Lath. Won by ten lengths; a bad third.

3.20.—The GIRALDA FOUR-YEAR-OLD HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. R. A. Jarvis's ZAMPA, 10st 7lb. .... Williamson 1

Mr. R. S. Rowell's CHELSIA BOOR, 10st 9lb. .... J. Pool 2

Also ran: The Grace (11st), Amendment (10st 9lb.), Stamford (10st 9lb.), Bucecco (10st 9lb.),

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GILBERT JESSOP AND GLOSTER  
The "Grouse" Available for all  
County Matches.

Satisfaction is expressed in Bristol and Gloucestershire at the official announcement that Mr. G. L. Jessop will be able to play county matches for the forthcoming season. He will again be offered the captaincy of the team.

It is not known when the next county match will take place.

From May 16 until August, when four

will be played in succession, is causing

somewhat of a disappointment.

#### Notts COUNTY CLUB MEETING.

County Cricket Club yesterday held its annual meeting at Nottingham under the presidency of Mr. C. B. Fry. Mr. Jessop said, "A great deal had been done to improve Notts cricket, but during the last four years they had one of the fastest teams, and last season, there was hardly a team in the country which could compete with them." In Mr. C. B. Fry's scheme, Mr. Jessop said he had been taken up by all the counties to be his valuable, and a pecuniary benefit to the Association, so to speak, it is intended to engage him for the next three seasons without a reduction. Since Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Notts, the competition was quite out of

order, he was elected president in succession to Mr. Jessop, and the Mayor of Nottingham, Mr. Alfred Astor, vice-president.

#### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

AT PREPARING FOR THE BLADES.

With Sheffield United next Saturday evening, and a high-class away game, it is hardly expected to win, but there is sure to be a struggle, as the Westeners have only lost once in their season, by Woolwich Arsenal.

At full strength, and, as in last season, with the centre-forward Matt piny at inside-right, while Morris Lee, of Barnes, is training at Weston-super-Mare, and, last Sunday, having a little practice among the sandhoppers, they are training at home and believe they are winning, and, as one of the players told our local correspondent, "Our ground is in our favour."

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

Will represent London against the Dark Blues next Saturday, A. E. Ashworth, A. T. Hartley (Lancaster), C. H. Jones (Windsor House); F. Brain (West Norwood); S. Allenby (Alleyne), and C. Stone (West Norwood); R. Turner (Crouch End Vampires); T. T. Newland, R. Evans (Clapton); J. Bradbury, 10; S. Williams (London), Feb. 11.

#### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

HOSPITAL CUP.

Second Athletic Ground yesterday St. Mary's started to fill, and the first try for St. Mary's early in the match, and Lourenco got some time in the half having already won their tie in the second half. The matches now outstanding are — French Cross, Feb. 9; Guy's v. St. Bartholomew, 10; St. Thomas' v. London, Feb. 11. The final will be played at Richmond.

UNIVERSITY v. GUY'S HOSPITAL,

which was fixed for yesterday at Oxford, was abandoned owing to the sudden cessation

WALES v. SCOTLAND.

Welsh captain, who sustained an injury while playing against Llanelli, was unable to start yesterday, who pronounced for him to be fit in the match with Wales on Saturday. The vacancy, and, judging by his full leather last weekend, he is just now fit to return. It has been decided whether Brice or Llewellyn will be the Welsh team.

ENGLAND v. IRELAND.

Place in the England fifteen to meet Scotland on Saturday week has been filled by J. Daniels, the old Cambridge and Daniels, who, presumably, will be for England against Scotland two weeks from now.

#### BILLIARDS.

REECE v. INMAN.

16,000 up level, for a stake of £100, was staged yesterday. The stage chief breaks were 150, 132, 99, 118, and 78 (twice), 129, 150, 118, and 124, by Reece. Closing scores: Reece, 4,000;

#### COURTING.

at the National Coursing Club at the Lanchester Station Hotel, Titchfield, on Tuesday evening, to draw for the Cup draw), at 2 p.m., when the business of the day.

#### CITY HAPPEN WITHOUT POLITICS.

from politics yesterday. The more said about the chances of peace, said

bourses seemed in a more hopeful mood, especially was a support in various small industries, partly connected with the coal trade, had ceased. Coal-trading market was still in a paper market, and were still adversely affected by stability of the mines at depth, but the movement is that they are prepared to comment on the subject at the Champion meeting next.

The bad weather was not unsatisfactory to the Scottish highland very well, but the weather for today's Great Western divided the Americans market continues, and the look of the thing. But the market

frame, and there was one period this year than was the Port of Buenos Ayres continues, recent Argentine haulers from showing

last week. Nor did a fall in the American railway group, for here, too, the chief feature was the recovery of the Argentine securities. Uruguayans are still buying the same deals' stocks.

of the great gas companies emphasizing represent lighting and in the use of coal-gas and manufacturing

Palace Company improves upon its

on the Board that its employees

## AWFUL WEATHER BY LAND AND SEA.

### Floods and Tidal Waves Create Great Havoc—Buildings and Sea Walls Washed Away.

"February Floods" is commencing with a determination to live up to the worst traditions of the month.

If the example set so far is followed by the rest of the year, even the unenviable records of last will be left behind. Floods are reported from all parts of the country, and the amount of damage done must be enormous. In London extraordinary scenes were witnessed.

The tidal wave which devastated the Scilly Islands has also caused great damage at various places on the English and French coasts.

#### REMARKABLE SCENES IN LONDON.

The tide in the Thames yesterday afternoon was the highest recorded since November 25, 1901, the river rising to a height of no less than 3 ft. 5 in. above Trinity high-water marks, representing a total rise of over 200 ft.

At half-past three the river was running on a level with the Embankment and was washing the steps of Cleopatra's Needle, an exceptionally unusual occurrence. Higher up, at Lambeth and Vauxhall, the river overflowed into some of the wharves, notably that of Messrs. Cocke and Co., where the water reached the street entrance doors and completely submerged several large wagons which were standing on the slope leading down to the water's edge.

Fire engines had to be used to pump out many basements, and in some places work had to be discontinued.

The damage to small dwelling-houses in the bank-side districts was very great. Families had hurriedly to remove their household effects from the lower apartments and store them in the upper rooms. All kinds of articles, from washbowls to teacups, had to be used for bailing purposes.

Owing to the remarkable quickness in the rise of the tide a great many barges and other craft broke

damage of all. Acres of meadow land adjoining the railway between Weybridge and Walton are one sheet of water. In places carts have had to be used to carry people to and from their homes.

#### FIFTH FLOOD IN NINE MONTHS.

In the Upper Thames Valley the outlook is equally serious.

The present flood is the fifth within nine months. The rainfall has been steady, but not exceptionally heavy. At Marlow rain has fallen for nine consecutive days, but the total fall during that period only measures 2.35 inches.

Since Saturday the river has been rising about six inches each day, and the valley has been transformed into a vast lake. Thousands of acres are submerged, riverside lawns and gardens have disappeared from view, and several roads at Marlow, Bourne End, and Cookham are now under water. The flood is certain to be the most disastrous experienced since June last, whilst another day's rain would probably cause the extraordinary June level to be exceeded.

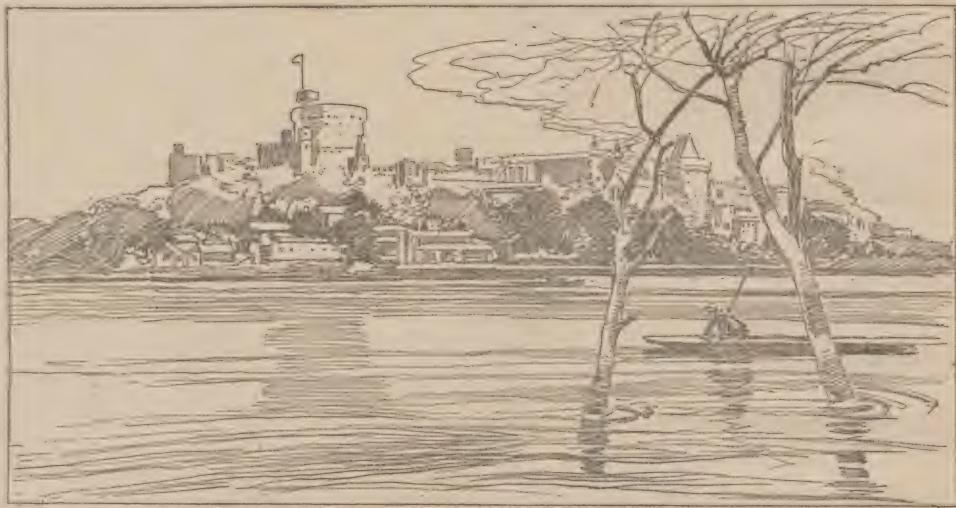
#### BOATING OVER GOLF LINKS.

Last night the river at Windsor Bridge was nearly 4 ft. above head-water mark, and was rising rapidly.

From the height of Windsor Castle the country resembles a series of lakes. Windsor embankment, erected after the great 1894 flood, is keeping the water out of the royal borough and sending it over to the Eton side.

A large tract of land is under water at the back of Eton High-street, and the royal grounds opposite Datchet are flooded. Many think the river will rise above the 1894 record, and a tremendous quantity is expected from the upper reaches in the next twenty-four hours. The racecourse is in-

#### THE FLOODS SEEN FROM WINDSOR CASTLE



From the top of the Round Tower of Windsor Castle it was difficult yesterday to trace the lines of the Thames. The river has spread out into a vast area of flood water.

from their moorings and drifted with the stream. The Thames police had an exciting time, and several collisions occurred.

The exceptional height of the tide was largely due to the enormous quantity of land water coming down from the upper Thames Valley. The tide of November 28, 1901, reached the height of 27 ft.

#### THAMES VALLEY FLOODED.

The Thames Valley is flooded in many places, and the river yesterday was almost as high as last June, when so much damage was done. Many of the riverside houses are invaded by flood water.

A representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* yesterday visited Kingston and some of the surrounding districts. The boyish surveyor took his camera along. "People," he said, "who live on the riverside take things philosophically. After excessive rains the river rises and cellars and lower parts of the houses get flooded. But people are more or less prepared, and just wait until the water goes down again."

"Without the improvements which have been made during the last couple of years at Teddington Lock it would be a much more serious matter."

The Thames below Kingston Bridge is sullen and angry. Its banks have disappeared, the tow-path is gone, the lawns on the Middlesex bank are most of them submerged, and the islands lower down are several feet under water.

By the Albany Club the river has widened out like a lake.

At Hampton Wick the allotment grounds of the cottagers are under water. A quarter's rent has been remitted to tenants for the damage done.

Barge-work is still continued, but is difficult and dangerous, for the river is coming down like a torrent, swirling and eddying through the bridges at some ten miles an hour.

At Teddington lock and weir every paddle and sluice gate has been drawn for many days past. Some high railings which surround a draw-lock close by were only just visible above the water.

In Bushey Park the Queen's River has overflowed and spread in a great lake across the avenue. The river at Hampton Court Bridge has risen four feet, and for the sixth time within twelve months the banks adjoining the "Mitre" are under water.

But it is the little Mole which has done the most

undated, and many roads in the district are under water.

People are boating over the golf links at Datchet. A considerable expanse of land is under water near Stamford. The river Welland has overflowed for many miles, roads have been rendered impassable, and the water has penetrated many houses.

In the Kennet Valley thousands of acres are submerged, and much damage has been done.

Hundreds of acres in the Dearne Valley, Yorkshire, are submerged, and some highways at Bolton are covered with 3 ft. of water.

#### WAVE MOUNTAINS HIGH.

The tidal wave which caused so much damage at Seily seems to have had some connection with an earthquake. Shocks were felt in parts of the island of Jersey, which has suffered severely.

Several tons of stone were washed by the sea on to the railway, completely stopping the traffic.

The old port of Portsmouth was badly flooded yesterday afternoon by the abnormally high water resultant from the tidal wave. Tramcars were stopped, the floating-bridge service suspended, and the cellars of the houses and business premises badly flooded.

At Hayling Island the tide was the highest known for twenty years, and made great inroads on the beach.

#### Sea Wall Carried Away.

A huge gap was made yesterday in the sea defence works at St. Leonards. The heavy waves caused a breach in the wall, extending for a length of over two hundred feet. At White Rock the sea broke on the promenade with a noise like thunder, and the spray rose to the top of the highest hotel, washing the whole of the front line of houses.

The greatest force of the storm was felt further westward, great blocks of cement being wrenched from their places and tossed about on the beach like slate.

As the tide receded, gangs of men were put to work to patch up the breaches, hundreds of faggots being used for the purpose of saving the sea walls from further damage on the return of the tide.

In the low-lying lands about Pevensey and the Rother Valley the whole of the marshes are

flooded, and traffic is almost impossible. The flood water stretches for miles, and has the appearance of a miniature inland sea, such a sight not having been witnessed near Hastings for at least fifty years.

#### Brighton Sea Railway Damaged.

An abnormally high tide swept away some fifty yards of the electric railway running along the sea front at Brighton yesterday morning, the force of the waves twisting the rails like wire. The cars were running at the time, but fortunately no accident occurred. Another portion of the cliff at Blackrock, East Brighton, has given way, imperilling the safety of some of the houses there.

Great damage was done at Dunbar, near the entrance to the Firth of Forth, by the unusually high seas. A large building close to the sea, known as St. Anne's Court, was wrecked, and most of the debris carried away. The sea has made serious encroachments upon the public thoroughfares.

A tidal wave swept over the whole coast of Penmarch, in the department of Finistere, France, causing immense damage. A third of the commune of Penmarch was under water yesterday. Many fishing boats were wrecked and sunk, several persons being drowned. The coast dwellers have abandoned their houses with their families and their cattle, and desolation reigns supreme.

#### BENJAMIN PICKARD DEAD.

House of Commons Loses a Member with a Picturesque Career.

Mr. Benjamin Pickard, M.P., died at his London residence last evening from heart disease. The sad news, when it became known in the House,

occurred general expressions of regret, the deceased being a very popular figure.

Mr. Pickard, who since 1885 had represented the Normanton Division of Yorkshire in the Liberal interest, was a somewhat striking personality, whose efforts on behalf of the miners of Great Britain are too well-known to need detailing. The son of a miner, he commenced work in the pit at twelve years of age, and never lost an opportunity of improving his education. Hence it came about that at a comparatively early age he was called upon to fill important offices in miners' organisations. Convinced of the need of legislation for the betterment of the miner, he set his heart on the work, with a result that must have been very gratifying to him. He was the organiser of no fewer than six International Congresses of the miners of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France, and Belgium, and for some time took a part in the work of the Peace Society.

At the last election Mr. Pickard was returned by a majority of 1,419.

#### THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The burgesses of Windsor will present to Princess Alice of Albany a beautiful half-hoop diamond bracelet.

Sir Robert Collins says that no arrangements have yet been made for the public exhibition of the presents.

The nave of St. George's Chapel will be lined by the 7th Queen's Own Hussars (Prince Alexander's Regiment), at Canterbury. The Household Regiments at Windsor will be the only other troops on duty for the wedding. The King and Queen, and the King and Queen of Wurtemberg, and the members of the Royal Family will leave the Castle for St. George's Chapel at 12.15 pm.

#### TOURIST'S HIDDEN HOARD.

A Swiss recently bought an overcoat at the sale of unclaimed property of the Swiss railway company held at Montreux. While examining his purchase the Swiss came across a £25 Bank of England note which was hidden under the lining. A London house made the coat, which was most probably lost by an English visitor.





OUR NEW FEUILLETON

# THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL.

A STORY OF THE "NEVER-NEVER LAND."

By WILSON BARRETT,

Actor-Manager and Author of  
"The Sign of the Cross," etc.

## FOR NEW READERS.

They were both "sundowners" and chums, and in the twilight their friends often mistook Jack Landon for John Mowbray, and vice versa. But there the resemblance stopped. For while John Mowbray was a clean, upright Englishman, Jack Landon had gone under. Drink first, then crime—for which John Mowbray had suffered—and finally a marriage with a woman known throughout that part of Australia as "Sal" had done for Jack Landon, who had even dropped his real name, which was Landale, in order to conceal his shame.

Perhaps Mowbray would have left the camp at Woolloogooloola and the "Never-Never Land" behind for ever if it had not been for Landon's daughter. She was only twelve years old, but owing to the fact that she had, like Topsy, been left to "grow," was older in life than years, and there was not a man who knew her who would not have done anything for "Smudgee." But it was John Mowbray who had been both father and mother to her. One day during "the great drought," a letter came for Jack Landon. It was from his sister in England, a girl whom he had not seen since she was a child of six. She said that Landon's stepfather had died leaving him heir to much property, and that his mother was calling to see him, so that he did come home to England, where mother would die of grief.

But Landon saw himself as he was, not fit to see his mother, and he dared not go. No, he dared not see the look of horror on her face when she should see her son marked with the sign of the beast. He told Mowbray that he must take his place. While they were speaking news came that a near-by homestead was in flames, and the two men went to the rescue.

Some hours later a tattered-looking tramp appeared before "Sal." He was her first husband, called Nat. He declares that he knows Landon, and has seen him recently. This Sal declares to be impossible. "I know who you've seen," she says. "Well, who was it?" he inquires.

"Jack Mowbray," Sal replied, "my husband's partner. In looks they are like twins."

Nat went on to say that he wanted money. If Sal did not get it for him he would tell the truth, which would mean prison for her for bigamy. He left her as the men were returning from the fire. Between them they were carrying the crushed body of Jack Landon. Landon only spoke once again before he died. Again he asked Mowbray to go home to England in his place.

On the next day Mowbray was gone to fetch the parson for the funeral of Landon, Sal searched her dead husband's pockets for the letter she knew he had received.

But she does not find any letter, and so is left in the dark as to the reason for Jack Mowbray's sudden resolve to leave the camp.

Jack Mowbray arranges that Tom Hewley, "a straight man," shall accompany him to England. Jack finds that the hardest task is to wrench himself away from Smudgee.

Jack and Hewley go down to Sydney and see Messrs. Martin and Martin, the solicitors who had forwarded the letter to Jack Landon. Everything goes off without a hitch.

At the hotel Jack recognises in the person of a dim-witted man one Grimes, whom he had seen when in prison.

Jack Mowbray and Hewley leave Sydney, en route for San Francisco—and for "home." They are accompanied by one Wong, a Chinaman, who is devoted to Jack, as the latter some years before had saved his life.

Meanwhile Nat and Sal are discussing their plans for the future.

## CHAPTER XIV. Smudgee's Uncle."

"Ah! and where's the fares to come from?" asked Sal, who was quietly waiting for Nat to indicate what he intended doing.

"The fares'll come from you. You've got a quid or two, I'll bet. Fust thing we'll do'll be to get to the nearest telegraph office, an' wire to Sydney as 'ow Jack Landon, alias Jack Mowbray, is ter be 'ad for the asking at Woolloogooloola Gully; an' that neds us a clean 'undred quid, which'll be a pretty fair start."

"If you ever dare to arm a 'air o' 'is 'ead," said Sal, threateningly, "'ll-'ll—'" And Sal, like many another prophet of what might, or was going to, happen, stopped on the threshold of her prophecies and was silent.

"You seem pretty badly struck on that Jack Mowbray, seems ter me," Nat growled.

"Look ere, Nat, Mowbray is—Here she was interrupted by a "Coo-ee!" and, going to the door, one of Thompson's stockmen came in towards her with a letter.

"Well, who is it?" she asked.

"Mr. Thompson see," Tyke this er Mrs. Landale, and tell 'er Mr. Mowbray said she would 'ear from 'im agin at Sydney Post Office," replied the man, with that indescribable, half-Cockney accent and tired drawl of the uneducated Australian. The denizens of Whitechapel or the now happily extinct Seven Dials never did, nor never could, eclipse this awful dialect.

She hastily opened the letter the stockman had brought her, and uttered an exclamation of delight, for it were four five-pound notes of the Bank of New South Wales.

"See here, Nat," she exclaimed, "there are two reasons why you won't interfere with Jack Mowbray. One is that he's gone away, and another is that we'll get a 'undred pounds to let 'im alone. Here's twenty from him to begin with. And he sez, 'I'll find plenty more awaitin' me as long as I've blessed myself and is good to Smudgee.'"

"Wot? Twenty quid. Ah! let me look—let me feel 'em in my own hands—only let me feel 'em."

Oh, ain't they just heavenly to the touch. The blessed mother o' New South Wales, let me kiss the face of yer!" And Nat rubbed the crisp notes on his dirtied and evil-looking face.

He associated him with undignified conduct. Her association with Landon and Jack had taught her something, if very little. She missed all the refinement inherent in both, their easy grace and mutual contempt of money. Nat's grasping greed disgusted her. She did not find her first husband improved by his absence. Saw that he was of use to her, she would have found means to have got out of his way; but he was likely to be of help, and she intended to avail herself of his services. She snatched the notes from Nat's hand, exclaiming:

"Hand them over. They are mine, if you please."

"Well, ain't we goin' 'arves, Sal? Yer ain't goin' ter be stingy ter yer lovin' husband, are yer?"

"No, I ain't," retorted Sal. "I'm goin' ter el'p yer to a lot, but you'll 'ave ter do somethin' fur it."

"Course I will. You bet! But wot's 'e sent yer this fur—wot's 'e goin' ter send yer more fur?" asked Nat, suspiciously.

"That's what I want ter know. 'E said as 'ow the widow and daughter of 'is old chum should never want for anything," answered Sal.

"That's all right, but where'll 'e get the money from? Has he struck it rich out 'ere?"

"No; 'e's been working with Landon for years, an' they neither of 'em 'ad any luck. There's somethin' at the bottom of this business that we've got ter find out; an' if you've got any sense you'll keep straight and 'elp me to do it."

Nat's evil eyes glistened as Sal told him of the inheritance that Landon bad spoken of; of the letter he had received; of her suspicions of what it might have contained; of its disappearance; and her belief that it was in Jack's possession.

"It's a 'undred to one that's why 'e skipped so quickly," said Nat, who was clever and cunning, as Sal knew.

"That's my idea, too," Sal agreed.

"'Owl on!" Nat continued. "This wants a bit o' thinking over. If there should be any fortune left to Landon, you—ere, did 'e leave any sort of a will?"

"Not a scrap of paper, as far as I know. I've searched all over."

"Then all is property would go to 'is heirs, eh?"

"That's it," answered Sal; "that's just it!"

"Which would be his wife and daughter?"

"Naturally," answered Sal. "Mrs. Landon and her daughter Lucy."

The expression of Nat's face grew, if possible, more cunning than ever as he continued.

"'Who is you and your daughter, if—if—'"

"Exactly—if you hadn't married me first."

Nat uttered an oath, and said:

"Hang them marriages. They never come to any good. Wot wins we fools enough to go and string ourselves up like that fur!"

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The two whom "Heaven had joined" were quite in sympathy over this matter. Sal was mentally cursing herself for that same act of folly, now bitterly repented.

"'Well, we must have been a pair o' mugs."

"Yes—and it cost a quid, too."

"Well, of all the bloomin' juggins! The only excuse we've got is that we wos both very far gone in drink."

After a pause, in which their evil brains were both working in their separate ways, Sal's slowly and dolorously, Nat's quickly and alertly, Nat whispered:

"Sal, there's not so many as know it. No one in England, I should say! 'Wot price my bein' yer brother an' workin' the thing out between us?"

"'Xew' it, it, Nat. But you'll 'ave to act square all through."

"'Wot yer mean?"

"I mean that it's a big thing, and I ain't a-goin' ter give away chances. Yer'll have ter be my brother, and nothin' else. Smudgee's eyes in the back of 'er head. We can't do without 'er in this business, an' she'd blow the 'ole thing in a minute if she shold 'old of it. Yer'll 'ave ter act square—act square—all through; square ter me an' square ter Smudgee. Now you've got it."

Nat was far too clever not to see the wisdom of this advice, and he made no show of disagreeing with it.

"Right, old gal, you've got a better 'eadpiece on yer ter yer used ter fer 'ave. You're as right as rain, and square it shall be."

Nat's declaration immensely relieved Sal's mind, for she still had that wild, unreasonable hope that if she got this fortune she could yet bring Jack to her side.

"Yer right, Sal; dead right. An' this werry night we'll tell Smudgee she's found a uncle, which 'is name is Nat Berker."

Meantime, Smudgee, all unconscious of the coming addition to the family circle, was lying brooding dimly in the scrub, some distance from the hut. How her little life had changed in a few hours. Before her father's death she had practically no cares. Her parents' lapses affected her but little. She had seen the shearers and stockmen often the worse for drink; it was no special sin in her eyes. She was as free as a bird to come and go into the bush within certain limits; and she had Jack to teach her to read and write, tell her fairy stories, of which he had an unlimited store, and for which she had a never-waning interest. She was happy. And now? What was there to live for? Her mother? She knew that, without some restraining influence, she would be unbearable, and Sal's ten per cent was never lamb-like. She knew, too, that her mother would never stop in the bush, but would go to a town, where they would be cooped up in some small room or house, away from any surroundings that were pleasant to look upon or live among. And this evil-looking sundowner—who was he? He was not hanging

round for any good purpose. Oh, if Jack were but here to advise her. What was this man to her mother? When her mother told her he was a stranger, she knew that she was lying. The man spoke to his mother with familiarity, and with the manner of an old acquaintance; and had he not said that "he would not leave until her mother insisted upon it, and he didn't think that would happen in a hurry?" Oh, where was Jack? And so Smudgee's thoughts ran on, until in her excitement and loneliness, she called aloud:

"Jack, come back—do! If you don't I shall die. I can't stand it!"

Sound travelled easily in the silent bush, and her voice was heard by Sal, who exclaimed:

"Whoever's that gal talkin' to?" Going to the door, she gave a loud "Coo-ee!" which Smudgee refused at first to reply to, saying to herself, "Oh! you coo-ee away and be blast! I ain't agoin' to answer!" But, as her mother repeated the summons, and was coming directly towards where she was lying, Smudgee rose, and said ill-temperedly:

"Well, wot is it now?"

"Yer just come in, will yer?"

"Wot fur?"

"I'll tell yer when yer come."

"As that blessed sundowner 'umped his blue yet?"

"No, he ain't; and wot's more, he ain't a goot, neither. You just come along, miss, without any more nonsense!"

And Sal took the reluctant Smudgee by the arm and led her to the hut, where her newly-acquired relative was awaiting her.

So yer still 'ere, are yer? Seems to me any man would jump it when wot told straight he wus not wanted. Wot right yer ter, to come and plant yourself on us like this?" queried the scornful and indignant Smudgee.

"Tell 'im wot right, Sal," suggested Nat.

"Well, the fact is, he's yer uncle Nat," stammered Sal.

"E's 'is uncle wot?" asked the now astonished Smudgee.

"Yer uncle Nat," repeated Sal.

"So 'e's 'is uncle Nat, is 'e? 'Ow long's 'e bin my uncle Nat?"

"All your blessed life, my little pet," drawled Nat.

"'Ow'd yer come ter recklet it? Seems as if it'd struck yer sullen, didn't it? Ver' didn't seem to remember much about bein' my relation day afore yesterday. 'Ow's that?" sneered Smudgee.

"Well, yer see a good deal 'appened day afore yesterday, an' there warn't no time," answered Nat.

"Oh, indeed, wasn't there? I'm your Uncle Nat," is four words," and Smudgee ticked them off on her fingers, and "I'm a poor traveller, miss, and I'm bushed, an' the bush is blazin', as you can see and smell, and this kind—earted lydy is goin' ter 'elp 'em cos I'm starvin'," is about thirty or forty. "Owd 'er find time to tell me that, eh?" And the sharp-witted Smudgee put her arms akimbo and stuck out her chin with a vigour that fairly staggered Nat and left him for the moment nonplussed. "Are yer going ter answer?" asked the remorseless Smudgee. "Urr up, and don't make up any more lies than you can 'elp, cos they don't take me in. I know yer!"

"Well, yer see, me little dear," Nat began. But Smudgee cut him short, saying:

"None o' that. I ain't yer little dear, and ain't likely ter be, uncle or no uncle. Now if you've made up yer bloomin' lies—yer've taken yerself about it—let's 'ave 'em."

"Well, my little—"

"'Wot?" blurted out Smudgee. "Little wot? Let's 'ev it! Little wot?"

"Little lydy."

"That's a bit better."

"'Wot I was a-goin' ter say when yer nearly snapped me nose off was that yer didn't give your poor old uncle much encouragement to tell yer who 'e wus, the day afore yesterday; an', come to that, yer ain't over affectionate to-night. An', after all, uncle is uncles—an' when one's got 'em they 'as ter be put up with."

"Like measles, or 'oopin'-corf—eh? But, yer see, my good man, people as 'as sense don't go round a-hunin' for 'em, an' ain't too glad when they come unashed."

And Nat began to realize, as many others had done before him, that Smudgee was by no means an easy young person to placate when justly incensed, nor a very gullible one. Smudgee was truthful herself, and was unpleasantly quick to detect falsehood in others. She did not believe in Nat's avowal; she was perfectly well aware that some of which she was ignorant, and she determined to quietly watch until she discovered what it was. Smudgee could be patient when she had an object to attain; and she had one now. A greater one than she knew of, or could even imagine.

## CHAPTER XV. Grimes Becomes Troublesome.

The A. and A. steamship Alameda, carrying Jack and Tom to San Francisco, was two days out to sea from Sydney.

A shoal of porpoises gamboled and swam round the vessel, mocking with their wonderful speed its comparative slowness. Some, swimming fast, but a few feet ahead, seemed deliberately daring the sharp cut-water of the bow to catch them if it could.

Jack and Tom were leaning with their backs to the bulkhead opposite the saloon entrance, when, to their horror, the red, pimply face of Mr. Grimes appeared, and Jack found that gentleman regarding him with a pair of fishy, puzzled eyes, in a drunken state.

Jack's first impulse was to move away, an impulse he instantly checked. Mr. Grimes lurched unsteadily towards Jack, and said,

"Excuse me—we've met before, I think?" Jack drew himself up, and stared stonily at the man as he replied,

"I think not."

"Yesh, wehev—shertiny. Wash yer name, eh?

"Tell us yer name."

"The vessel rolled suddenly as Mr. Grimes asked for a good grip of him, and ran him backwards with a little more force than was absolutely necessary up the deck, and landed him rather suddenly on a hard wooden bench. Mr. Grimes was a trifle shaken. Before he could collect his beffled and scattered senses Jack had strolled off of sight.

"Say—who's your friend?" spluttered Mr. Grimes.

"What friend?" queried the wide-awake Tom.

"Friend here just now—friend I spoke to," Tom.

"Oh, that one? That's Captain Prismus, of the Royal Mounted Marines. He's just going to join his ship at Timbuctoo. He's very deaf, and is very dangerous, has just had scurvy, and is sick—go near him; he's not safe," rattled out the lively

Brandy-branny.

"Two brands and a split soda," ordered Tom of the smoke-room steward.

"Non-alcoholic soda," hiccupped Mr. Grimes.

"Take mine neat—no soda, no brandy—no flavor."

Mr. Grimes was in a bad way. He had been steadily drinking for months, and for days had been swallowing raw spirit.

The purser, looking in at the smoke-room, beckoned Tom out, and whispered:

"Mind what you are doing with that fellow, Mr. Hewley. He's a bad lot; had a pretty severe attack of delirium last night. The doctor had to dose him. A little more of this kind of thing, and we shall have to put him in irons."

"Do, Mr. Purser, do! Put him in irons, and keep him in 'em. He's a nuisance, and frightens all the women into hysterics as tight as he is. Put him in irons, and fasten him in 'em."

"We can't do that while he keeps being watched," replied the purser.

Tom left the wretched drunkard and went to between himself and Grimes. Jack could not resist expressing a wish that Mr. Grimes would not put in irons, at any rate, until they got clear of New Zealand. He suggested to Tom that he should ask the purser where Mr. Grimes was going. Tom asked, and found to his dismay that he was booked through to San Francisco. Jack discussed with his friend the advisability of forgoing their passages, landing at Auckland, and taking another steamer later on.

However, Mr. Grimes settled all their difficulty in his own peculiar way. He drank steadily on, until the purser ordered the bar steward to refuse to serve him. This enraged the half-crazed man that he created a disturbance, and was put out on the smoke-room. He reeled to a chair on deck, and sat down quiet for a moment. Then, as if possessed by some demon, he rose, and, shouting an unfeeling unprepared passenger, he ran to the bulkhead rail, and before anyone could stop him, leaped overboard. Without a moment's hesitation, Jack sprang into the sea after him. There was a great shout of "Man overboard!" raised. The boat was crowded. All rushed to the side, but nothing was to be seen. As soon as Jack came to the surface of the water, he swam away from the ship's side, to clear the blades of the propeller and then looked around him. At first he could see nothing of Grimes, who was in the trough of a wave, the crest of which Jack was mounting. He was a strong swimmer, and a few strokes brought him within reach of Grimes, whom he caught by the collar of his coat with his left hand. The madman struck at Jack, and, clutching him by the waist and twisting his legs round him, he dragged him under water. It was a terrible moment. Madness had given Grimes increased strength. Strong as Jack was, he could not shake him off. His breath was giving out. He must be free, or die. Gathering himself together he made Grimes let go his hold, and, with a kick he sprang upward to the light, Jack breathing once more, and again looked round for the drowning man. Presently Grimes rose for the second time. Now Jack was more cautious. He swam to the back of Grimes, and, seizing him, pulled him vigorously towards him, though Grimes was on his back. Floating, and kicking now strongly with his feet, he kept himself and the drowning man from sinking. He could only see the sky and knew nothing of the direction in which he was going. He knew it would take her far ahead. The Alameda was going at fifteen knots a head, as the way upon her would take her far ahead. How long could he keep up the struggle?

Still no sound of rescue. In the struggle below the surface Jack had swallowed a lot of water. His arms and legs seemed to be weighted with lead. Every stroke he made was less strong than the last, and more painful to him. There was a rushing sound in his ears, a then a ringing of church bells, a rush of old recollections, a dreamy sensation of far-away pain, and then oblivion.

To be continued.

# THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

GIMPSSES OF MANCHURIA, THE PROVINCE FOR WHICH RUSSIA MAY FIGHT.

THE REAL SIBERIA. By John Foster Fraser. London: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

This pleasantly-written book is not, and does not pretend to be, a work of authority. It is only a bundle of reminiscences of a hasty trip through Russia to the Pacific in 1901. But especially at the present moment, when all eyes are on the East, the volume is eminently readable. Mr. Fraser is a man who keeps his eyes open, has a journalistic nose for finding interesting material, and conveys his impressions in a natural and sprightly manner.

He finds a great deal to admire in the Russian

a town.' Till twenty years ago it was little more than a Cossack outpost. Now it has a population of forty thousand."

Here, in the heart of Siberia, are newspapers, banks, factories, a public library with ten thousand volumes, a hospital, and a museum.

Here is a glimpse of the railway station at the important town of Khabarovsk, on the junction of the Amur and Ussuri Rivers. On one side is Siberia proper, on the other Manchuria.

"The scene," says Mr. Fraser, "was one that had a close comparison to that you see in India. Instead, however, of British officers walking up and down with a confident stride of superiority, while the Hindus and Mohammedans gave way, acknowledging superiority, there were Russian officers, clean and smart, promenading the platform, while the slithering, cowering Chinese and the cringing, frightened Koreans made room for them. Here the Russian is the white civilised Westerner, whose stride is that of a conqueror. The Mongolians, who once scourged the world, now bustle and make an avenue to let pass a young lieutenant with gold epaulettes on his shoulder."

Here is a specimen of how the Chinese are treated. On one train there was not room for

MR. JOHN FOSTER FRASER.



The author of "The Real Siberia," never had an ordinary education: he just ran away in a library for some years. He travelled in 1901 by train, boat and sledge through Siberia, and dashed across Manchuria, which was then closed to foreigners. The book now re-published is the one he wrote describing his adventures.

all the second and first class passengers, and some officers had to invade the third-class."

"The third-class coaches were already heaving hives of Chinese. From one of these carriages the Chinamen and their belongings were ignominiously ejected. They went like cattle, and as many as possible scrambled into an open goods van. Others attempted to struggle in, but were driven back."

"Are you going to put on another wagon for them?" I enquired.

"Oh no, they are only Chinamen, and they'll have to wait for to-morrow's train," was the reply.

"The night was bitterly, biting cold. We were comfortable enough with double windows and hot-air pipes. But those shivering Chinamen!"

Mr. Fraser found "vigorous, energetic life" at Vladivostok, and here he beheld the first Russian he had ever seen in a hurry. The carriages tear along the streets as if they were in a chariot race, and as there is no rule of the road "you are on the brink of a newspaper paragraph whenever you go out."

A Manchurian "Boom" Town.

Extremely interesting is Mr. Fraser's account of a trip into Manchuria, on the ill-laid, jolting, make-shift railway, on which travelling is never faster than five or six miles an hour, with occasional stops of seventeen hours or so. The country swarms with pheasants, and one of the party bought ten for two shillings.

This is a description of Harbin, the great junction on the Manchurian Railway.

"Seven years ago there was not a single Russian in Harbin. Now there are nearly nine thousand. It is for all the world like an American 'boom' town. Big stores and hotels are being pushed up, and everywhere building is to be seen. Fortunes are made by men who have patches of land centrally situated."

Harbin is a magnet to all the adventurers in Russia. There are two or three murders every week.

"There is a café chantant at Harbin. The night before I came an engineer arrived, his pockets bulging with roubles, and he showed his idea of money by making all the girls sit in a row while he poured champagne on 100-rouble notes and then stuck these notes (£10) on the foreheads of each of the eight girls. That is the Harbin idea of having a good time."

These little extracts will give an idea of what the "temporary occupation" of Manchuria (which is still technically Chinese) really means.

# THE COUNTRY WIFE.

A POWERFUL STORY OF VICE, DRUNKENNESS, MURDER, AND THE COTTAGE HOME.

A MAGDALEN'S HUSBAND. By Vincent Brown. (Duckworth 6s.)

One of the finest, strongest, most elemental and sincere novels that have been published this long time past in England, and by a new writer, is "A Magdalen's Husband," by Vincent Brown. Its title rather belies the theme. It suggests the West End, while, as a matter of fact, the whole of the book is devoted to the annals of a country village, where the heroine works out her expiations for sins which are discreetly not detailed, and of which, as in the case of Duse's "Camille," it must confess it is sometimes rather difficult to imagine her guilty.

Moreover, the author spends himself not nearly so much in analysing the mind and heart of Joan Hurt as he does in his really profound study of his two chief male characters—Martin, her husband, and Zeckel Draicot, her faithful friend and protector, both gardeners.

So far as Joan herself is concerned we hear only that she was brought up in the village, and that she had, in homely rural phrase, "bad luck with her young man" (a drunken scoundrel, Jim Anscomb), and had run away to London. She afterwards came back to live among her old friends in a "quiet, humble, repentant way." But the village still looked askance upon her, even when Martin made her an honest woman by marrying her.

A COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

It is of this married life and of its utter abjectness that Mr. Vincent Brown has first to speak, and, above all, of the attitude of the husband, which constitutes a quite absorbing psychological study in itself.

Martin was a rough, brutal, drunken fellow, and the first of any to throw Joan's old life in her face. But, with the endurance born of despair, Joan continues meek, affectionate, industrious, irreproachable. Her debt to him is ever before her eyes.

Here, for instance, is the kind of scene that happened nightly. Martin had been out all the evening with another girl named Sally, and after a visit to the public-house has brought in a drunken crony of his named Roger Cox to supper at about midnight.

Supper of bread and cheese was daintily laid out on the table, and under the knife was a note in pencil: "Your coco is in the oven, dear." Martin snatched up the bit of paper and crushed it in his hand as though it were a thing of immense resisting force.

"That Sally Catmer is a devil," he said, under his breath. "Joan!" he called.

"I am here, Martin," she replied from the bedroom, the door of which was ajar.

"I want something better than bread and cheese. Where's that pudding?"

"I put it away," Joan answered.

"Then I wish you'd come and warm it up."

He waited awhile; then in a louder voice:

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, I am getting up."

Martin's gaze was fixed on the inner door.

"She doesn't light the candle!"

"She'll not want us," Roger whispered, "to see in while she's dressing."

"Pshaw! A lot she'd care for that!"

The bedroom door was pushed to from within.

\* \* \*

When Joan came out she nodded and smiled.

"I didn't know you intended to bring anyone home, Martin, or I would have stayed up.

But you are quite welcome, Roger."

"Of course he is; I made him come!"

She said nothing, but quietly, yet with a trembling in her hands, put a piece of suet pudding in a pot of water and placed it on the fire. Then she took a cup of syrup from the cupboard and sat down at the table.

After this one appreciates the author's statement that "the marvel was that the seven evil spirits which had been cast out of Joan Hurt had not been driven back into her by Martin."

Still, one can understand also the author's yet more observant contention that Martin was not wholly to blame. His very brutality was based upon a dim recognition that this despised woman,



MR. VINCENT BROWN.

The author of the exceptionally fine novel, "A Magdalen's Husband," reviewed on this page. It is a realistic story, yet with a message of sympathy and hope.

told by everyone, and lying under so great an obligation to himself, was in reality a good deal better than he was. He was puzzled and exasperated.

It was not solely hatred, nor jealousy, nor revenge; but a more subtle feeling. The only fairly lucid part of it to himself was that their neighbours and friends did not see Joan as he saw her. And he got as far as the fringe of another subtlety—that he was being unjustly blamed and condemned for failing to understand his wife.

How Martin insulted in a thousand other ways also the woman whom, at base, he loved passionately, and who had in reality given him not the smallest reason for a harsh word; how these insults grew and grew, until finally he turned her out of doors in a fit of frenzy; how he repented in agony; how her faithful champion, Zeckel Draicot, murdered Martin that night; how Zeckel was hanged; and how Joan prayed for his soul—for all this we must refer our readers to Mr. Vincent Brown's engrossing pages.

"A Magdalen's Husband" is, one may add, a story that ends, not happily, after the conventional manner, but in real exaltation. However realistically it tells of wretched lives such as are led, one knows, in some of the sweetest spots of rural England, its message is one of sympathy and of hope.

## "TWOPENNY TUBE-ITIS," THE NEW ARM DISEASE.



Physicians, it is asserted, have discovered that because Londoners suspend themselves from straps in tube railways and omnibuses they are gradually growing lop-sided.

